
THE

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XIV. TRAVELS FROM HAMBURG, through Westphalia, Holland, and the Netherlands, to Paris. By THOS. HOLCROFT. 4to. 2 vols. 500 pages each. 5l. 5s. Phillips.

FROM this interesting and superb work, which embraces such a variety of subjects, our extracts shall be copious. The author has given the following sketch of Rotterdam.

"At ten in the morning, we arrived at Rotterdam, which we entered by a dirty canal of villainous odour, ill corresponding with the cleanly and well-built town. Poverty and filth, however, find their place, even among the Dutch, as we had frequently remarked. Beggary and deformity of body are but too frequent; and the war with England had given the first a large increase.

"One of the boatmen went with me, in search of an inn; and I was a little surprised to be obliged to run from house to house, in different quarters of the town, before one was to be found that had vacant apartments. The fact appears to be, that inns here are on a small scale, and that those to which we went happened to be full. We finally lodged ourselves at the Golden Foot. This was not the foot of Nebuchadnezzar; but it was a foot for which a Dutchman appears to wish: his wife is never so beautiful as when her ears and fingers

are loaded with rings, and her neck and bosom with plates of gold.

"The landlord, however, did not admit us till he had made inquiries that satisfied him, concerning the kind of guests he was to receive. He then had only small and inconvenient apartments; but, when he afterward saw my wife and daughter, and the trunks that were wheeled after them, he made interest with some young men, his lodgers, that we should have his best front room. He was a German; but the Germans adapt themselves, with greater facility than perhaps any other people, to the manners of the nation where they reside, especially to the best and profitable part of those manners. At home, they are the clumsiest of workmen; transport them to another country, and they become the best. Our German was an innkeeper in the cautious Dutch style.

"I was very much surprised, being among the cleanly Hollanders, to find the closet of Cloacina in the kitchen. This was not the arrangement of our German: it is a common practice. I am afraid of English prejudices; but I verily believe English kitchens are the cleanest on earth. I am equally persuaded that their cookery is the best, most nutritive, and most wholesome. A Frenchman prefers his garlic, a German his grease, and a Spaniard his oils. I have no right to dispute their taste; and, when I am at a foreign table, I

am a blockhead if I find fault, make wry faces, and am impertinent enough to call the people fools.

" Travelling in a treck-schuit is oftener accompanied by dulness than fatigue. We were soon refreshed, and made an excursion of inquiry through some of the streets. We had not gone far before we came into a kind of square, or open place, in which various objects caught our attention.

" The first and most attractive was a large pedestrian statue, in a flowing schoolman's gown and cap; which statue I immediately recollected must be that of Erasmus; a name dear to philosophy, dear to the progress of knowledge, dear to the lover of polite learning, exquisite taste, and acute discrimination.

" Since Erasmus was a native of Rotterdam, why may not Vondel be what his countrymen affirm—a poet, worthy of any nation? Who, among men of letters, have sufficiently studied the Dutch language to enable so many of them dogmatically to decide on its merits? It has its defects, because all languages have them. It is less sweet to the ear than the Italian; but it is less grating than the German. The latter is now cultivated with great diligence; but I doubt whether it be not a misfortune that Luther's translation of the Bible, which fixed and became the standard of the German language, was not made in 'Platt Deutsche,' which is a much softer dialect, and considerably like the Dutch. I know the Germans, who doat on their language, and magnify its beauties, while foreigners, perhaps, magnify its defects, will smile at this opinion. I risk it only in a problematical and not in a positive form; but I never can forget the harsh effect produced on my ear by a German poet, who recited some passages from a German tragedy, purposely, that I might admire the powerful sounds of the language, of which I was then ignorant. Since I have studied it, and understood, at least, some of its beauties, a part of this feeling has died away; but far from the whole. There are sweet speakers in all languages; and, in the ease and fluency of conversation, those of Germany may be heard with pleasure; but their singing and their seri-

ous recitation never can be agreeable to my ear: the despised Dutch is, surely, more musical.

" In the age of Erasmus, readers were few, and were scattered over all Europe: it was necessary to write in a language known to them all; therefore, to write in Latin was not pedantry, but good sense—and Erasmus wrote in Latin.

" With what pleasure did we examine the statue! The workmanship is honourable to the artist, and such statues are the ornament and the exaltation of the cities by which they are erected. When will Stratford upon Avon recollect itself, and assume the mighty honours which are its due?

" This is the place to mention that we afterward went and saw the house in which Erasmus was born. It is now a small alehouse, but it is dignified by the bust of this famous man: I do not say adorned, for the bust is placed too high, and is too insignificant, to deserve that epithet." vol. i. p. 82.

Take also his account of the Hague and its fair.

" My first business in the morning was that of gazing. A man, in a foreign town, having but a few hours to remain in it, and avaricious to discover all that it contains, knows not where to begin, which way to turn, nor of whom to inquire.

" I walked through the streets: they were clean and wide. I came to a great square: at such a season, I should have supposed that booths would have been erected in it, and merchandise set off for sale; it swarmed with soldiers. The whole town swarmed with them: I know not whether their numbers would not have been sufficient to defend the works of Luxemburg.

" The place was small: why were they here? The legislative body held their deliberations in it, and it was publicly asserted that these deliberations were perfectly unawed. Surely, the troops of the republic of France did not come to instruct the lawgivers of the republic of Batavia in the principles of freedom! They were revolutionary times; and, in revolutionary times, I have heard the pretended partisans of freedom assert, the public presses may be stopped, and men transported, without trial; and, which

is still more strange, to keep the guillotine at work is a revolutionary virtue. Heavens! into what excesses will not the heat and forgetfulness of the moment lead men!—The rage of opinion prevails, common sense becomes stupified, and wisdom stands aloof, bewildered!

"I came to the great Mall, where ambassadors and distinguished persons, many of them, reside. Here it was that the fair was held; and I walked up the row, to view an exhibition of varied industry and art. Not only the most useful necessities were here, but many of the luxuries and ornaments of life.—A display of the collected powers of the human mind, and the contemplation of them is its highest pleasure.

"I walked forward, and came to show-booths; bears and tigers within, monkeys and parrots without. Here, rope-dancers, notorious jugglers, and Dutch buffoons; and there, a cabinet or museum of natural history, with all the arcana of philosophy developed. A whimsical assemblage. But a Dutch fair is not the only place in which philosophy plays the fool.

"This is ungenerous in me. Poor philosophy is fallen into such discredit at present, that to bespatter her now is as unmanly as to throw mire at a wretch in the pillory.

"But what is it that distinguishes a Dutch fair from a fair in England?—This is the difficult part of the picture. The efforts to attract notice, and the arts to get money, every where greatly resemble each other; yet the local shades are sufficiently strong and numerous to form a very different whole. It is the minuteness and multiplicity of them that render them far from easy to describe.

"I came to an assemblage of booths, the decorations of which were certainly national. Within and without, they were hung with large brass dishes, clean, bright, and embossed with various figures of no ordinary workmanship. What could they mean?—they surely were a kind of signs? The people within were of the lower class: what had they to sell? I inquired, and found it was a kind of greasy cake, or pancake, which they cooked; the sauce to which was drains. The finest ornaments of a hundred kitchens were here exposed to

admiration. This was Dutch: what could be so attractive to the guests?

"Near the same spot, I saw groups of boys, diverting themselves; while peasants stood round, watching, and admiring. And what was their dexterous game?—It was, to place a cake of gingerbread, in equilibrium, on the edge of a hatchet, and, by striking at it with another hatchet, to cut it in two parts.

"I did not perfectly understand the rules; but it appeared the boy gave a small coin to the vender of gingerbread, for which he had one or more strokes. The place round where he stood was strewed with sand; the gingerbread was purposely made pliant, that it might not easily be divided, and the blow was seldom successful. The cake was dirtied, the boors laughed, and the vexed boy tried again. He obtained his gingerbread, after, perhaps, paying trebly for it, and had the sand into the bargain. It amused the spectators, exercised his ingenuity, and prompted him to better attempts.

"But the chief thing which affects the eye of a foreigner, as something unusual, is, the general costume; the dresses, physiognomies, and peculiar appearance, of the lower classes, decked in their holiday finery. Broad pewter and silver buckles—large and small buttons, both in excess, and both of ancient usage—some with short vests, and others with coats down to their heels, each of them fitting close, and shewing the waist—projecting hips, the men wearing eight or ten pair of breeches, the women at least as many petticoats—stockings of various colours, not excepting purple, red and yellow—peasant girls in short jackets, with their gold ornaments and rich Brussels lace—tobacco pipes, various in their form and size—and countenances with a frequent tinge of the livid—these are a few of the many marks which catch the stranger's eye and characterise the people." vol. i. p. 92.

" CHAPTER XXIII.

"I left the croud, and walked in to the wood. I wished for meditation, and here it was inspired with painful abundance. He who should not heave many a mournful sigh, to recollect what grandeur suffers when

it falls, must surely be but a sorry travelling companion. In this wood, the palace of the stadtholder is built. Along these spacious roads, how many sumptuous equipages have passed, how many princes of the earth have hurried, how many pleasures have rolled! The dancer and the deep politician have met, each busied in his golden dreams, each inflated with his own importance. The king of Prussia, Voltaire, and Vestris, said the latter, are the three wonders of the age!

"I have touched upon a false chord. Human weakness is, indeed, the theme; but it is rather elegy than satire; it is impassioned, and full of plaintive ejaculations. 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept.' How true, and, therefore, how beautiful, was the thought!

"I pursued my road. At proper distances, boards were nailed upon posts; which had probably contained directions and regulations for the preservation of the premises. They were open to the public, and long had been a favourite place of resort. The inscriptions on these boards were now effaced.

"It was near an hour, for my walk was slow, pensive, and full of pause, before I arrived at the chateau. Where were the lordly owners of the mansion?—They were gone, fugitives in a foreign land; and it was become a coffee-house, or a tavern, or I know not what. I know the world needs improvement; I know that innovation, change, is inevitable: I am what I have been, an unshaken advocate for reform; but reform must be gradual, innovation tempered with mildness, and the people to be improved must consent to and aid in their own amelioration, or the whole fabric is of sand, which the returning tide will level.

"My passport! my passport! While I am revolving these mighty affairs, over which I have little or no influence, the minister may be gone out, and another day may be lost. Mind your business, simple man, and leave such matters to those who undertake their direction. The advice has all the appearance of good sense. But how if such affairs should be ill-directed? Have I no stake in them? Ought I, like the sumpter mule, to

bear my load, till those who drive me have, by consumption, made it light? The simile is defective. Experience, alas! has taught that consumption does not lighten but increase the load.

"I quickened my pace, and hastened to the door of the minister: he was gone out, and I could not but blame myself for having loitered. Yet I had thought so much, and in so soft and melancholy a tone, that I could wish to loiter an hour thus every day. He would return before dinner, and the misfortune was not great. I left my letter, which I had written to explain to him why I again asked what he had described as impossible to be granted.

"After another walk in the fair, and breakfasting at a coffee-house, where I own I saw nothing that seemed to companion with the vicinity of a court, I came back. The concierge opened the door of the great saloon, desired me to sit down, and immediately sent up my message. This expedition was a good omen.

"While the footman went up stairs, I had a glance of a picture by Rubens. The subject was allegorical and soothing: it was war, withheld by love and beauty, whose means of restraint were soft smiles and gentle prayers.

"Had I been left an hour alone, the time might have been well employed; but the footman returned almost immediately to shew me to the ambassador. His manner was greatly changed; for, though he had before received me with the politeness which men in such situations generally practise, yet, it was a freezing affability. He had bowed, apologized, and protested great regret; but compliance was impossible. His eyes were then averted: they now met mine with an openness that shewed my request was become less painful.

"After some explanations, the affair was arranged. He had received a letter from Paris, was convinced I was the person I had described myself to be, and no longer had any doubt but that I might safely be permitted to proceed on my journey." vol. i. p. 95.

Paris is thus described with brevity.

"On our first arrival in a great

city, the attention is strongly attracted by the novelty and aspect of the surrounding objects. We are eager to walk abroad; we regard the appearance of the houses, read the bills pasted on the walls, the inscriptions painted on the signs, and gaze at a thousand novelties, the cause and meaning of which we cannot divine. A description of the chief remarks and feelings that occurred, when these sallies were first made, will, perhaps, best afford the information I wish to communicate, and give the truest pictures.

"The houses of Paris are all either of stone or faced with mortar, so as to resemble stone. By an Englishman, they are thought extremely high: they have usually five, six, or more, stories from the ground, and the principal stories are all lofty. The colour they soon acquire is a dirty grey: the windows of the ground-floor are often guarded by large iron bars, and are seldom clean. By the first that I noticed I was deceived, and more than once thought the house a prison.

"The streets are generally long and narrow; the principal of them, where the hotels of the wealthy have been built, are silent and have few passengers. The grand hotels have spacious court-yards; but the inferior ones, instead of street-doors, have unwieldy folding-gates, called portes-cocheres, that lead either to a dark avenue or gloomy kind of outward hall, on one side of which is a small and, generally, dirty dwelling-place for the person who attends the gate. This person is called *le Concierge*, *le Suisse*, or *le Portier*, according to the size and destination of the building. He is generally a shoemaker, tailor, or of some sedentary profession; has often a wife, and is the guardian of the premises. Most hotels are inhabited by several families. The French never give a double knock at these gates, which, during the day, are open, in all small hotels; and the words '*parlez au portier*'—speak to the porter—are written over his lodge.

"The dingy tone of the houses, their great height, massy gates, and tall folding windows, dark with dirt, seldom painted once in many years, with the silence of the streets and their

length and narrowness, produce an effect that is far from pleasing, though it often has something of grandeur. They form a vista, that, instead of being, as an Englishman expects, gay, is absolutely gloomy. I speak now of those streets, in the fauxbourg St. Germain and, on the opposite side of the city, the *Chaussée d'Antin*, which are inhabited by the great and the wealthy. Of these two quarters of the town, the *Chaussée d'Antin* is much the most lively, it being the latest built and the most fashionable. I cannot say house rent, for it seldom happens that an individual hires one of these hotels entirely for himself, but lodgings, in the fashionable quarter, are intolerably dear: before the peace and the arrival of the English, in the fauxbourg St. Germain they were to be had remarkably cheap.

"Nothing can, perhaps, be in greater contrast than the different parts of Paris, and the effects they produce upon a foreigner. Before his arrival, he had heard of this as the most magnificent of cities: if, coming from London, he enters it by the fauxbourg St. Denis, the appearances I have described are favourable and pleasing, compared to what there meet his eye. Yet this fauxbourg by no means exceeds, or, perhaps, equals those of St. Marcel, St. Antoine, and several others: in all of them, meanness, filth, and poverty, predominate. It is true, they swarm with inhabitants, and, in this respect, have the advantage, if the aspect of what is, or appears to be, misery can be so called.

"If, on the contrary, a man should enter this metropolis coming from Versailles or St. Germain en laye, how great would be his astonishment at this first view of its magnificence. By a spacious road, between a continued double avenue of stately trees, he arrives at the barrier of Chaillot. It is but a toll-gate, where cattle and provisions, arriving from that side of the country, are taxed; yet it is a superb building, with massy pillars.

"From this eminence, the grandeur of the view cannot be described, it can only be imagined. The objects of which it is formed are, individually, perhaps, liable to much censure; yet they form a very extraordinary

whole. It is one scene of a vast expanse of foliage, formed by the innumerable and majestic trees of the Elysian fields and the gardens of the Tuilleries, intermingled with palaces, the bridges and the waters of the Seine, and completed by the city itself, in perspective, and the lofty towers, spires, and domes, by which it is overlooked.

"The man that should desire to enjoy a fine dream, a beatific vision of Paris, should come to this height, and look before him for half an hour; then descend through the gardens of the Tuilleries, and, having seen the facade of the palace, return, without proceeding one step further. It would be food for imagination, remembrance, and regret, through life: he would everlastingly proclaim Paris the most astonishing of cities, the most splendid of the works of man, and, undoubtedly, the metropolis of the world.

"I once had a sensation, while contemplating this part of it, which I shall never forget. It was in the year 1783: I was standing in la Place de Louis XV, near the equestrian statue from which it then took its name: the palace and gardens of the Tuilleries were on my back; on the right, was the newly-erected magnificent pile called le Garde des Meubles du Roi (now the admiralty), with the widest street in the city, terminated by the numerous columns of la Madeleine; on the left, were the river and the Palais Bourbon, with the distant dome of the Invalides; and, in front, the Elysian Fields, with the grand vista and superb iron gates which then adorned the brow of the hill. Viewing it where I now stand, exclaimed I, in ecstasy, it is the city of the gods! Instantly recollecting myself, I looked at the people, who stood gazing at me while I was in this trance; they were in rags, many without shoes or stockings, and most or all with sallow famine in their looks. The very blood and marrow, said I, of these and their fellow wretches have been wrought up into mortar for the palaces that excite this admiration. Would they had never been!

"It was a cruel thought, and such thoughts have had cruel consequences; yet there is so much justice

in them, and they call so loudly for the serious attention of every class of men, that they ought never to be suppressed, though they ought most carefully to be so delivered as to produce good and not evil." vol. i. p. 175.

The North Boulevards at Paris, planted with a double row of trees, are thus depicted.

"To go through the catalogue, would be impossible; it is much too vast. Stalls of dirty books; tressels with toys; sellers of cakes and canes; fan-menders, bead-stringers, beggars, quacks, tumblers, and show-booths; fellows displaying tricks of legerdemain; venders of miraculous dyes and powders, who dip bits of white ribbon in a liquor that turns them pink; orators parotting over two-penny systems of geology and the order of the universe; teachers of secrets that will enable the buyer to cut glass under water, etch landscapes upon egg-shells, engrave portraits by pricking paper with pins and dusting it with lamp-black; these, intermingled with the display of milliners, linen-drapers, print-sellers, and a variety of trades, continued through an avenue two miles in length, spacious, enlivened, as I have said, with carriages, and adorned by lofty trees, gardens, and hotels, with the gates, or, rather, the triumphal arches, of St. Denis and St. Martin, the structure that was the Opera-house, these, I say, and thousands of other objects, which no memory can retain, if the reader can arrange and put them together, will form a something that he may imagine to be the Boulevards of Paris.

"What has been said is but a partial and barren abstract of the place. To give a mere table of contents, which, at last, will be very imperfect, to the things already noticed, many others must be added. If contrasted with various of the nations in Europe, the French are an active and industrious people; but, compared to the English, they are great idlers; and, for the class of idlers, the Boulevards is one of the principal places of resort. The consequence of this is, that numbers of those who make it their trade to amuse the idle here take their stations.

"Beginning at la Rue St. Honoré,

and proceeding toward the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, after passing the forlorn columns of la Madelaine, we soon arrive at the garden des Capucines. It formerly belonged to a convent, but the garden and the building are now become the mingled abode of idleness and industry. Here, paper-hangers, cabinet-makers, and other tradesmen, have their warehouses; while, beside them, are petty tailors, barbers, obscure coffee-houses, and billiard-tables, in rooms that scarcely admit the light of day. These are in the cloisters, where the secluded used to walk; and in the rooms, or, if you please, the cells, they so lately inhabited.

"In other compartments, are show-men, great and small: Robertson, and his phantasmagoria; his neighbour, I forget his name, as great a philosopher as himself, who writes hydraulics, and I know not what other bombastic terms over his door, and intermingles the spouting of water and the sparkling of gunpowder, to the great astonishment and instruction of the Parisians.

"At a small distance, in the garden, the panorama of Lyons and that of Toulon are or were exhibited; and opposite to this, is the booth of Franconi, who has taught horses to dance almost as miraculously graceful as Mr. Astley himself, and employs his faculties with scarcely less benefit to the public.

"Between the two, is their ancient rival, Punchinello, accompanied by king Solomon and all his court, or, at least, by something no less pompous in recital. Will you accept a short extract from a handbill which the prime minister of this renowned person distributes at his door?

** Polichinel aux Dames.*

"Mesdames, me voici de retour de mes petits voyages; et vous me retrouverez dans le jardin des Capucines, proche la grille qui donne sur le Boulevard Caumartin.

"Partout, ou vous portez vos pas,
On se plait à suivre vos traces,
Les palais seroient des grabats,
S'ils n'étoient ornés par les grâces.
De même, il en est de nos jeux,
Le local a de l'importance!
Il devient le séjour des Dieux,
Embellit par votre présence.

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LES DAMES. Polichinel est galant!

POLICHINEL. Mesdames, je ne suis que l'écho de l'univers entier.*

"From the fine words of Mr. Punchinello, it would be natural to conclude he was a person of consequence, and had some extraordinary place and apparatus for the display of his feats. I defy the reader to imagine any thing more mean, poverty-struck, and dirty, than him and his whole paraphernalia. It was comic beyond the power of description, yet almost afflicting, to look at and listen to the man who harangued, and distributed these bills: he was wretchedness personified. And then!—the passing graces! to whom he thus poetically addressed himself! The ladies, that were to embellish his booth, and render it the abode of the gods! Well, well; he only spoke the language of, and pretended to be no more than the echo of, the universe, entire.

"Let it not be imagined that this is a solitary instance of the grace, the gallantry, and the poetry, of Paris; similar and even more extraordinary proofs occur in every corner. They are so numerous, that the difficulty is to select. How does it happen that they so often pass unnoticed? We all walk through the world with our eyes shut, or this would be a very instructive book." vol. i. p. 204.

The Palais Royal also is a most singular place.

"Were I longer to insist on the mode of exhibition, I might be tedious; and, of the effect produced on strangers by the nature of the place,

** * Punchinello to the Ladies.*

"Here I am, Ladies! After a trip into the country, you find me again in the garden of the Capucines, near the iron gate that faces the Boulevard Caumartin.

"Wherever you tread, we but follow your traces;
The hotel's a hut, unadorn'd by the graces.
Embellish'd and honour'd, our booth we compare
To the seat of the gods, when the ladies are there.

THE LADIES. Punchinello is gallant!

PUNCHINELLO. Ladies, I am but the echo of the whole universe.*

a few words will suffice to shew that it must be impressive.

"We are not accustomed to view palaces laid out into compartments for trade. Having passed through the gates and avenues, the imagination is forcibly struck to arrive at the spacious garden, to behold such a pile of building, to contemplate the lengthened arcades, and to perceive that they all abound with the efforts of human industry, in divisions and allotments which, at a first glance, appear countless. The objects glisten in the eye, take the mind by surprise, and, merely by quantity, mass, and multitude, overpower the imagination. Retail traders never before were seen in so splendid a mansion. When habit has recovered us from our astonishment, it is almost in vexation of spirit that we find the shops are on so small a scale, the wares of many are so trifling, that littleness runs through the whole, and that there is an ample portion of what is absolutely mean.

"The same feelings are not excited by viewing the streets of a trading city, for the same mixture of grandeur and meanness, pomp and poverty, is not found. A shoe-black may have his shed under a wealthy citizen's shop; but neither of them are in a vast palace. All the surrounding objects appertain to the common intercourse of life, and that to which we are accustomed gives no offence.

"Of the multitudes that frequent this mart, and of the effect they contribute to produce on him who for the first time views the whole, we may conceive some idea, by recollecting the principal circumstances.

"We cannot pass through a fair without being, perhaps, more animated by the crowd than by those things which the crowd come to see. Imagine the stranger arriving at the Palais Royal in the evening: the lights are numerous, the crowd moves slowly on; he is obliged to keep their pace, and on the right hand side; the articles exposed for sale glitter in succession; they appear rich, every thing is in motion, and, though that motion be slow in reality, the objects are so multifarious, that, to the mind, they are too rapid for the attention to be fixed for a moment. Recollection, comparison, association, are all over-

powered. The past is forgotten, the world is concentrated in the Palais Royal; and here all is order, continuity, variety, profusion, and splendour.

"I do but picture that kind of trance into which the man of most acute and lively faculties is most liable to fall; and from which he who entirely escapes, the first time he views this place, must have no common share of dulness. Yet, being awakened from his vision, and having time, patience, and motives, to examine the truth, it will be found to be what I have described.

"With all its deductions, it is, however, a remarkable place; and, from the effects produced by this great assemblage, is highly deserving of investigation. We learn, from experience, that bodies of men seldom or, rather, never make grand mental combinations; they must be the work of individuals; otherwise, with the desire of gain, the power of money, and the commercial knowledge which mercantile men possess, what changes would they not effect!

"Beside those already noticed, there are many other things, not to be passed over in silence, which catch the attention and greatly heighten the picture. I shall at present barely mention that there are two theatres, which form a part of this mass of buildings; and that one of them is the Theatre de la Republique; that is, the chief theatre, in which the works of their best tragic and comic writers are represented, and by performers, whose merits, when I shall come to this part of my subject, I shall have occasion to discuss.

"There are also various minor exhibitions and shows; to detail which, can give no information, because they are but temporary, are there for a month, or half a year, and then give place to other novelties. These, however, are among the things that attract the multitude.

"The sensations produced by the lights, the moving crowd, and the merchandize exposed as already described, are not a little heightened by music, vocal and instrumental, that strikes the ear with peculiar force, it being both loud, and often, as it were on the very spot, though the stranger cannot divine whence it pro-

ceeds. The sound of numerous instruments, the shrill bravura song, or the pealing chorus, arrests his wondering sense; he looks above, below, and on every side; yet, while he hears, can see, nothing. Presently, that which was loud before becomes ten times louder, and his hearing leads his eye to the descent into a cellar: he looks down, perceives a number of people, and, should he descend, finds a company such as is every where to be found in Paris; a strange mixture of the working people and the wealthier citizens; some clean, some dirty, sitting over their small beer, lemonade, bavaoise, or some other very sober, but very insipid, liquor: in which, having mixed it up with water, they dip their halfpenny roll, and regale themselves with feasting and music.

"Let me be correct. They are not all quite so economical; neither do I think economy a national virtue, but sobriety is: they spend little, but they seldom stay long in a place; and, being easily tempted to indulge desires which, individually, appear so moderate, it frequently happens that, before the evening is over, the earnings of the day are dissipated.

"One of these musical cellars is called *Café des Aveugles*. The master of this coffee-house is blind, the musicians are blind, and, doubtless, if they could but have conveniently served their customers, the waiters would also have been chosen from the blind. Nothing amuses a Parisian so much as that which he can talk of with astonishment. He generally possesses real sensibility; and, when he can mingle sentiment and compassion with his wonder, it is the summit of pleasure.

"Among the rest, I visited this cellar. I listened to the musicians. He that led the band played solos, and sometimes played finely, the rest performed passably well; it was far from a contemptible orchestra. I looked at them, remembered they were selected from the scholars of M. Haüy, a man who has dedicated himself to the service of the blind—compassion for their fate, the recollection how unhappy they might have been, had no humane brother stood forth as their protector, and the feeling of

their comparative happiness—were all affecting sensations.

"I left the *Café des Aveugles*, not with astonishment at what the blind can perform, of that I was well aware—nor at the intricacies of a superb cavern, to which, by scooping out something more like holes than spacious vaults, it seems to pretend—but, with a glowing sense of the divine effects of benevolence, and a firm conviction, that they will, hereafter, overspread and humanize the world.

"Would that, by ascending from the cellar, we could mount to regions still more pure and beneficent! Alas, we are ascending to the regions of vice, the regions of destruction, the regions of infamy.

"Let us pause a moment, and take them in rotation; our arrival at the bad will be too sudden.

"Having made the tour of the arcades, the stranger is tempted to pass into the gardens. His eye is attracted by numerous lights from the upper part of the building; especially from the range of first floors, where they are numerous, and of which the apartments appear to be spacious and magnificent. He inquires to whom they belong, and by people of what classes and professions they are occupied. Unless he be himself a man of depraved appetites, the answer gives him pain that is agonizing in proportion as he thinks deeply. That some should be restaurateurs, and others coffee-houses, or rooms dedicated to scientific clubs and literary societies, is right, nay, is excellent; but that a still greater portion should be devoted to the baneful practice of private and public gaming, and that all above, even to the attic story, should be the dens of prostitution and the most incredible obscenities, is knowledge that makes the soul shrink into itself, and turn with affliction, detestation, and disgust, from the place.

"These feelings, painful as they are, become indignant and almost tormenting, when it is further known that such places are not merely suffered, because government is too indolent, too busy, or too weak, to repress them—but because government is bribed—because government divides the wages of vice, the earnings of prostitution, the industry of cheat-

ing, and the spoils of the ruined!— Oh! it is infamous! it is damnable! I care not what man, or what set of men, on the face of the earth may take offence; it is indignation I never will repress, never will conceal. There is not a father, if he be not a monster, there is not a single friend to man, by whom this indignation is not felt. If the honest in thought would but be honest in speech, vice would not dare thus openly to brave the world, and that government that should licence it would crumble to dust.

“ Under the general head, gaming, I shall find it necessary hereafter to describe the little that I know of the enormities here practised. Prostitution must be lightly touched upon, though total silence would be wrong; and that, too, will find its proper place.

“ I shall leave the Palais Royal with one more remark. I have spoken of the crowds by which, of an evening, it is generally filled; and these crowds, though they inspire animation, by their numbers and motion, and give grandeur of effect before we inquire of what and whom they are composed, having inquired, we discover they form one of the most discordant and disagreeable features of the place. With the exception of strangers, and a few others, whom business, or the want of business, may occasion to pass at the hours when the throng is the greatest, it is composed partly of the rabble of the city, and partly of what is infinitely worse, its refuse; the very dregs of vice: pick-pockets, women of the town, their panders, and—lamentable to say—boys!—

“ An ounce of civet, good apothecary.”

“ Is this the place which ‘no station, no age, no sex, no temper, could ever leave without an ardent desire to return’ ” vol. i. p. 237.

We close with the celebration of the 14th of July.

“ To see the whole, I imagined it was necessary to be up and abroad early; and, accordingly, on the 14th of July, I walked immediately after breakfast to les Champs Elysées. My curiosity was particularly excited to see what should happen at les Mats de Cocagne, which were announced as

the opening sports. I had inquired what they were to be, and was informed they were a kind of ship masts, reared perpendicularly, and smeared with grease, at the summit of which were to be prizes, of various kinds, for the adventurer who should have the force, courage, and skill, to swerve the mast.

“ The usual prizes at the top, as I was further told, are, geese, poultry, and provisions; in conformity to the epithet, Cocagne, a metaphor for a fertile country; but which, owing to these masts and a popular song, describing the Pais de Cocagne as a country where the houses are built of hot loaves ready buttered, with a number of other whimsical ideas, is become a term of ridicule.

“ I pictured to myself the fortunate adventurer, descending the mast, with the basket of provisions, perhaps on his arm, perhaps on his head, and perhaps obliged to quit his hold and let them fall among the crowd below. I supposed that it had been found, by experience, to be a sport productive of great laughter; and I hastened to the scene.

“ As I approached, instead of a crowd, there was scarcely a person to be seen; and, when I came to the place, to my utter astonishment, I found men digging the holes and the masts lying on the ground. All my ideas concerning the order, variety, and gradation, of amusements, with the precision of time, place, and circumstances, which I had derived from the program, were instantly overturned.

“ I proceeded to le Grand Carré. The temple was still in an unfinished state; the architectural adjuncts, at which military trophies were to be displayed, were the same; all near approach was prohibited by a circumvallation of rope and sentinels; every thing seemed hurry and confusion: instead of feasting, there was the appearance of disorder, and pain where I expected rejoicing.

“ I walked from place to place, through the whole Champs Elysées, and every where booths half built, the workmen toiling, sentinels driving intruders to a distance, with all the symptoms of haste and anxiety, were visible.

“ I inquired if the festival was ac-

ually to be held that day; and they looked at me, saw I was a stranger, smiled, and replied, 'most certainly.' The day however that I had supposed every part of which was so well distributed and filled up, permitting me to go from place to place and examine each pastime, each hall, theatre, and exhibition, successively, that day had disappeared.

"That the workmen, however, must have been much nearer the end of their labour than the eye could have believed, was evident, from the facts; for when I returned, almost hopeless, in the afternoon, though they had not finished, it was evident that, what with their continued exertions and the patience of the Parisians, there would be music, and dancing, and pantomimes, and tumbling, and every thing, or the show of every thing, that had been promised.

"The people began to multiply; and they swarmed from the city, between the hours of three and six, till the crowd was immense. No one was dissatisfied, no one complained of tardiness or disorder; they came to be merry; and, to them, mirth, tardiness, and disorder, are customary things. Disorder is itself a part of the pleasure; but it is a harmless and peaceable disorder, an animated, a forgetful, a gay, disorder. They had either too much good sense or too little thought to disturb their joy by murmurs.

"Their manners are so distinct from those of the English, that I wish to take every opportunity of noticing the circumstances which can best shew how they differ. In all their pursuits, the English are eager: if a baloon ascend the air, the whole multitude is in motion; and, if they have any hope of seeing it come down, the whole multitude will run even miles.

"From the light hearts and light bodies of the French, it might have been imagined they would run both faster and further. The reverse is the fact. When in the pursuit of pleasure, there is much cheerfulness, but not the least possible ardour, in their gait, look, or behaviour: they saunter leisurely along, talking all the way, come to the place they like best, seat themselves in rows on the ground, at the edge of a ditch, or

any where, if it be but dry, no matter for dust, and continue their prattle; perhaps, concerning the things round them, perhaps not. They appear never to have a sense of weariness till their conversation begins to flag; they then think it time to go home.

"How harmless is their tranquillity! how loud, unmeaning, and yet cheerful, is their discourse! How incredibly different are they, when their suddenly-inflamed passions impel them to those violent acts with which their annals, ancient and modern, are stained! How much will they endure! Yet, the impulse once given, with what facility may these passions be rendered furious! If, as a nation, they can be brought habitually to reflect, foresee, and preserve order, and if they can still retain their hilarity, what an admirable nation will that be! In books of an elementary kind, in teaching, not only the sciences, but the useful and the polite arts, they are, perhaps, the first of nations for precision, arrangement, and rule; that they should be so backward in practice, is a phenomenon to astonish, and to deserve inquiry.

"We must return, or our festival will never begin.

"Between three and four o'clock, some of the *Mats de Cocagne* were raised, and the rest were raising. In general, the pastimes announced were common; but this was a novelty, a national sport, which I was determined to witness.

"Instead of the baskets of provisions, I saw nothing but a garland: this disappointed me. This garland was lowered or drawn up at will, by a pulley; and, whatever it might contain, nothing was to be seen but a large green wreath, and the branch of a tree at the top of the mast. I understood, from the crowd, that the prizes, instead of those that were usual, and which had some promise of humour in them, were to be silver; spoons, trinkets, watches, or money.

"At each mast was a sentinel, whose orders were to be obeyed: he was commander in chief. In Paris, all sentinels are the same: at least, till the offender arrives at the guard-house, or at some office of the police.

"It was four o'clock before these commanders would suffer the candi-

dates for the prizes to make trial of their powers; and, when suffered, the sensations were either too disagreeable or too insipid to be long endured. Few of those who tried ascended within one fourth of the summit: their efforts were painful, and, if continued till the strength was exhausted, their descent was dangerous.

"I left the place before any prize had been won: it was but a repetition of what I have described, with no variety, except the extremely foolish remarks of the by-standers, with their attempted sarcasms and petty shouts. The spectators round each were not many. It appeared, however, that the prizes were gained; for, at the next festival, this pastime was again a part of the program, but the masts were ordered to be thinner, higher, and more greased. The pretence was, that the courage and dexterity of the French should have a still more surprising field for exertion; but some affirmed the real motive was, to spare the expence. In consequence of this regulation, one man, by the rapidity of the descent, which could not be stopped, bit off the end of his tongue, and another broke his ribs.

"It appears that this pastime was first practised in the year 1425.

"On the feast of St. Leu and St. Gilles, the inhabitants of the parish of that name proposed a new kind of contest. In la Rue aux Ours, facing la Rue Quincampoix, they planted a perch of nearly six toises long, and fastened a basket at the top, into which they put a fat goose and 'six blancs,' or five farthings. This perch they annointed; and promised the goose, the money, the pannier, and the perch, to whoever should be adroit enough to climb to the top.

"This exercise continued long; but no one could attain the goal; the grease, with which the perch was rubbed, was the great obstacle. At length, the goose was adjudged to him who had mounted the highest, but neither the money, the perch, nor the pannier."

"Of the other numerous parts of this festival, I know not how to give the reader an idea of the degree in which they were to me almost nugatory. I wished to see if the sleight of hand performers displayed any peculiar dexterity, but it was impossible;

the crowd was too great, the press of people too close, and, instead of the restlessness by which an English throng would have displaced each other, till the most impatient were in possession, the Parisians, those who could see and those who could not, stood equally quiet and calm. It is difficult to account for their hasty impatience in some things, and their passive endurance and tranquillity in others.

"I passed on to the grand pantomime, performed on an open stage: here, again, the crowd extended to such a distance, that I could see nothing which could either tell the story or gratify the eye.

"The only exhibition of which I could get even a very distant view, was that in which the exhibitors were raised aloft in the air; I mean the rope-dancers. They performed some extraordinary feats, as all rope-dancers do: they exposed themselves, apparently, to the imminent danger of fractures or death, which they every instant braved, to excite astonishment. I have met with two anecdotes of this extreme rashness which deserve to be remembered.

"At the public entry of Isabel of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI, a Genoese extended a cord from the top of the towers of Notre Dame to one of the houses of the Pont-au-change. This rope he descended, dancing, with a lighted flambeau in each hand; passed the curtains of blue raffeta, with large golden fleurs de lys, that covered the bridge, placed a crown on the head of Isabel, and again ascended into the air. The chronicle adds, that, as it was then night, this man was seen by all Paris."

"In the manuscript history of Lewis XII, by Jean d'Authon, an extract from which is given by Du Radier, in his *Bibliothèque Historique de Poitou*, a similar fact is related, which happened on the public entry of that monarch.

"A rope-dancer, named Georges Menestre, fixed a large rope to the sop of the great tower of the Chateau de Macon and the windows of the steeple of the Jacobins; extending two hundred and fifty paces, and raised twenty-six toises from the ground. On this, he, twice together, passed and repassed, and, the last

time, from the tower to the steeple: where, in view of the king and thirty thousand people, he performed many dances, leaps, gambadoes, and morisques; and hung, first, by the feet, and then by the teeth, with a hat: which was a thing strange to behold and marvellous to see:—always provided it were true, and that by enchantment the human sight was not deceived.'

" CHAP. LX.

" As, of all these promised sports, I could not, by any endeavour less than violent, obtain a good sight of any one, I resolved to employ my time in walking among the people and observing their manners. Thousands of them were seated, the majority on the ground, as before described; others, at the doors of booths, where cakes, scarcely eatable, and 'la bonne biere de Mars,' a wretched beverage, were sold. That plenty of viands that invite, and liquors that will suit and tempt, all classes, which are to be found in England wherever it is known multitudes will assemble, had here no existence. Not a trace or semblance, in any one of the booths, that I could discover, of such temptation were to be found. He that had wanted a dinner must have gone back for it to Paris; and yet, of the things I have described, there was no little consumption.

" One circumstance, in particular, I could not help remarking, for I remembered, with pain, to have seen the same artifice practised in England. Various ballad-singers had taken their station in different parts of les Champs Elysées, and all of them chanted the same song, the glorious and heroic life of the consul Bonaparte. That they were fitted out for the occasion, was evident; they were decently dressed, were accompanied by fidlers, and all sang the same ditty, which had a very passable wood cut frontispiece, of a whole length portrait of Bonaparte, in his general's uniform. The song, or history, of his life contained nine full pages, with notes. I think it so curious a document, so descriptive of the man, the habits of government, the inflated style of adulation which is common to such poets, and even of the manners of the people, that I mean to print it at the

end of the work. The extraordinary events, military and civil, that distinguish the life of this extraordinary man it would be absurd to deny and improper here to narrate. Of powers of mind, greatness or littleness of soul, the virtue of intention, and the magnanimity of execution, facts alone can enable us to judge.

" Having sauntered among the saunterers, I returned to le Grand Carref. The temples had been completed in the afternoon, and the cords withdrawn; but no person was allowed admission, except those who had tickets. I could only contemplate the exterior; but the exterior, in fact, was the whole, for they were both open, and the only reason for wishing to enter was, that the concert might be well heard.

" The temple of war was small, and, as might be supposed, its whole embellishments were military trophies; but it surprised me exceedingly to see that the temple of peace was nearly in the same style of warlike decoration. The latter, however, notwithstanding that it was mere show and only composed of painted wood, had really a grand effect. This was chiefly produced by the regularity of its form and its splendid colonnades, composed of a hundred and sixteen pillars, so painted, that they appeared to be of a beautiful saffron-colour-veined marble. There are two things in which the French are unrivalled; their universal excellence in dancing, and their talent at making an ostentatious and even grand exhibition at a small expence. Had the temple of peace been of Parian marble, and had it taken years to construct, its appearance could not have been more magnificent: it was of little consequence that a shower of rain would have washed the marble to board. There were other adjoining trifling structures, erected for the sole purpose of displaying flags, banners, and arms, and giving the whole a military appearance. Alas! it was a military government. Soldiers were every where dispersed. The people, quiet, harmless, and thoughtlessly gay, as they seemed to be, were not to be trusted; horse and foot were every where parading.

" A little before dark, a baloon ascended: four were promised; I saw

but one. The famous Garnerin was in it: his seventeenth ascent had been in the preceding month; this, I believe, was his eighteenth. Sailing in the air is become almost as familiar to him as taking a walk. So much the better; he has proved the safety with which a thing may be done, that, in the year 1782, was so strange as to be thought impossible. As he ascended, he waved a number of small flags, successively, and threw them down among the crowd: one of them was caught by a friend. Garnerin came to earth, after having sailed fifteen leagues in three hours. The distance does not appear great; but the atmosphere was remarkably calm.

"In every festival, that I have seen, illumination has been the most striking feature. About twilight, the lamp-lighters began; and presently the vast extent of *les Champs Elysées*, *la Place de la Concorde*, the grand avenues that lead to *la Barrière de Chaillot*, and the spacious place called *l'Etoile*, were all emitting their innumerable sparkling lights. Shaded as the scene was by trees. I thought the light more clear now than it had been during the day.

"The program had promised that the shaft of the national column should be illuminated, if possible. I thought these were words, mere gasconade; but, to my utter astonishment, I saw the lights gradually appear. The reader, perhaps, will be astonished too, when he is informed that this national column, which might be a hundred and fifty feet high (I speak by guess) square, diminishing in size, and appearing to be a solid erection of stone, was painted paper, pasted or glued to ascending rafters. When I was first told the fact, I scarcely believed it to be true; but, a few months afterward, I saw this superb column, in the fallen and torn state to which it had been reduced by a gust of wind.

"Concerning this column, I must take the present opportunity of saying a few words and giving a remarkable anecdote. I inquired what could induce the government to erect a pillar so solid and specious in appearance, and, in reality, so fragile, so derogatory, so contemptible? The answer given me was, that it was an

experiment upon the opinion of the people.

"Though subjects cannot be more passive than the Parisians, whenever the government has the full power of the bayonet at its command, yet, such are their habits, they were never known to be silenced by their fears in criticising objects of taste in any of the fine arts. The intention having been formed of raising a national monument in the centre of *la Place de la Concorde*, where the equestrian statue of *Lewis XV* had been placed, where his unhappy successor was beheaded, and where the column I am speaking of stood, this column was erected of these slight materials, that the opinion of the majority might be known, before one of more solid construction should be raised.

"In the public journals, its merits, or, rather, its demerits, continued for several months a subject of discussion. One part of the outcry against it was well founded; it totally obstructed the fine vista, from the west side of the garden of the *Tuileries* to *la Barrière de Chaillot*.

"The ornaments suffered almost equal censure: that they were military, was to be expected; but they were spiritless, monotonous, and ill chosen. At each angle were trophies, and inscriptions, enumerating the battles gained and the towns taken by the various armies; such as the army of the *Pyrenees*, the army of the *Rhine*, the army of *Italy*, and all the other epithets by which the different grand corps had been distinguished. This was sufficiently dull; and it was by no means relieved by the decorations round the base: they consisted of the figures of men, large as life, all in the same position, and each with his two outstretched arms joining hands with the figures on both sides of him; to signify union, the power that is derived from union, and its permanency. To walk round and to see this eternally repeated figure, for the circle was complete, must inevitably soon fatigue.

"When this was removed, what the monument is to be that shall supply its place was either not determined on or not publicly known.

"The anecdote I mentioned is the following.

" Soon after we arrived at Paris, returning one day from a walk, my wife saw a crowd of people near this monument, and soldiers dragging away a woman genteely dressed. She inquired what was the cause of this violence, and was told it was for the words the lady had uttered. The figure of Bonaparte was at the summit of the monument: this, and the figures which surrounded the base, as described, she had surveyed; and exclaimed, indignantly, while contemplating them, 'Voyez cette bande de voleurs, qui se donnent la main, et leur chef, qui foule tout aux pieds!'" vol. i. p. 292.

We shall furnish our readers with extracts from the second volume of this interesting work in the next number of our miscellany.

" * Look at that band of thieves, holding all together; and their chief, trampling every thing under foot !"

XV. PUBLIC CHARACTERS of 1803—1804.

(Concluded from page 53.)

As a further specimen of this amusing work, we present our readers with the life of the celebrated patriot,

" GENERAL PAOLI.

" The subject of these memoirs, although he cannot be designated as a native of Great Britain, yet possesses many claims to the notice of this country; and if not an Englishman by birth, may be considered, in some measure, as an Englishman by adoption. While fighting gallantly, first against the Genoese, and then against the French, this nation was desirous to second his patriotic ardour; and it reflects no small share of dishonour on the ministers of a former period, that Louis XV was permitted with impunity to invade the territories of a free and independent state. But a generous indignation on the part of the people, in some measure, made amends for the conduct of their rulers, and a hospitable asylum was at length afforded here to the gallant chief, after he had been forced to retire from a long and unequal conflict,

" Pascal Paoli, the second son of Giacinto Paoli, was born in Corsica, in the year 1726, and although he removed while yet a boy, remained there long enough to contract an attachment to his native country, and to feel a generous sympathy for its wrongs. His family had always belonged to the popular party, and his father espoused the interests of king Theodore, on the best and purest motives. About the year 1738—9, finding himself unable any longer to support the common cause, he retired to Naples, where he obtained the rank of colonel, and also procured a commission for Pascal, who was educated under the jesuits. This order had at that period attained an unrivalled degree of celebrity: its members superintended the consciences of half the catholic sovereigns and grandees of Europe, while the youth of all descriptions were entrusted to their care. It was the peculiar boast of the society, that it discovered the bent and genius of its scholars; and same reports that young Paoli was a pupil, concerning whom high hopes had been formed by the reverend fathers.

" After a residence of twelve or thirteen years on the continent, during which period he laid the foundation of his future plans in favour of his country, the Corsicans began to fix their eyes on him as a proper person to be their chief. He accordingly received the strongest invitations to repair to and assume the command of his native land; and he was at length prevailed upon to embark in the glorious enterprise of liberating his country from a foreign yoke, stimulated on one hand by patriotism, and undismayed on the other by the dangers he was about to encounter, not only from the envy of the other chiefs, but also from the daggers of the Genoese assassins, who had murdered more than one of his predecessors.

" In order to comprehend the merit and the danger of such an undertaking, it may be here necessary to give some account of Corsica, more especially as the family of Paoli is immediately connected with the latter part of its history. This has experienced the same fortune as all the neighbouring islands in the Mediterranean, and has consequently appertained by turns to the Carthaginians and Romans in

one age, and the Saracens in another. At length, after a variety of revolutions, Audemar, who governed Genoa, in the name of the emperor, seized on Corsica for himself, and the inhabitants, who had become mussulmen, in compliance with their former masters, now became christians, out of compliment to their new ones. As such, they were accordingly recognized by the church of Rome, in the twelfth century, and actually considered as a papal fief; for we find the pope conferring the investiture on Pisa, on condition of receiving an acknowledgment of fifty livres a year.

"The Genoese, however, refused to respect either the claims of the holy see or the pretensions of its enemies, and a war having taken place between the two rival republics, in 1125, Pisa was forced to succumb, Corsica became the prize of the victors, and the doge from that moment assumed a regal crown, in token of its submission. This emblem of royalty was fastidiously emblazoned on his carriage and his galley, and made but a poor amends for the misfortunes which attended such an equivocal sovereignty.

"The dominion of their new masters was peculiarly odious to the Corsicans, for they constantly abused their power, and treated the inhabitants as a conquered nation. The latter were accordingly loaded with imposts of every kind: these consisted of a capitation, a tithe, and a hearth tax; and it added not a little to their misery, that they were precluded from engaging in trade or erecting manufactures, in consequence of the unceasing jealousy of the government. In addition to fiscal grievances, on one hand, and legal disabilities on the other, another, and, if possible, a more vexatious, source of complaints arose, in the unceasing oppressions of the poor nobles of Genoa, who were sent to enrich themselves with the spoils of an unhappy people, in the character of governors, commissary general, &c.

"Such a series of injustice of course produced avengers; perpetual commotions took place; occasional insurrections, always termed rebellions by the victors, ensued; and while Corsica served only to enrich individuals, it became a burden to the republic of Genoa.

"At length, the senate, finding itself unable to subdue a people fighting for every thing usually considered as dear to mankind, invoked the assistance of the emperor of Germany, and received a body of his troops into their pay. This event, which at first appeared so hostile to the happiness of the islanders, tended not a little to relieve them from their misery; for by the mediation of that monarch an armistice took place, and a negotiation was entered into; in consequence of which, the more odious imposts were to be abolished, and the natives were declared eligible to fill certain offices hitherto conferred on foreigners alone.

"But this truce was not of long duration; for the Genoese, after arresting and imprisoning the deputies who had signed the late convention, violated all its articles, and, not content with such a flagrant breach of faith, put three of the chiefs to death.

"Such was the situation of affairs when one of the most extraordinary characters recorded in history, or even in romance, interfered, and connected his fortune with that of this island. The person alluded to was Theodore, baron of Newhoff, descended from a noble family of the county of La Marc. His father having left Germany, in consequence of a marriage dictated by love rather than pride, repaired to France, where his son Theodore, so celebrated afterwards on account of his elevation and his misfortunes, was appointed page to the duke-regent of Orleans. Young Newhoff, as if attached from his cradle to whatever appeared wonderful, entered into the service of Charles XII, under whom he at once studied and practised the art of war. Having afterwards accompanied the Baron de Gortz to the Hague, at a time when that nobleman was plotting the restoration of the Stuart family to the throne of England, he happened to be lucky enough to avoid the fate of his patron, who, after having been imprisoned at Deventer, by order of the states-general, was soon after executed at Stockholm, in order to satiate the vengeance of his own countrymen.

"Having fled to Spain, and obtained the rank of colonel there, he became united to Lady Sarsfield,

daughter of Lord Kilmallock, an Irish nobleman, who, in consequence of the misfortunes of her family, had also taken refuge in a foreign country, and was then employed about the person of the queen. This match, however, proved unfortunate, and, having been obliged by misfortunes to abandon his wife, by whom he had more than one child, Theodore repaired to France, where he formed a connexion with another adventurer like himself, and embarked along with him in the Mississippi scheme. On the failure of this enterprise, he rambled throughout Europe in search of employment, and actually found means to get introduced to the emperor, in whose name we find him soon after negotiating with the Genoese, while he, at the same time, kept up a private correspondence with the Corsicans.

"At length, after an interview with some of the principal insurgents, who had repaired to Florence on purpose to confer with him, this extraordinary man landed suddenly, and, after a few days residence, was crowned by the stile and title of Theodore I, king of Corsica and Capraja!

"Among those who attached themselves to the party of Theodore, was the Marquis Hiacente de Paoli, the father of the general whose memoirs are now under consideration; and on the retreat of the monarch, we find this nobleman not only declared one of the two marshals-general of the kingdom, but also the first member of the council of regency.

"In this capacity, he and his colleague Giatterri for many years presided over the popular party, and regulated the destiny of the Corsicans, until age had palsied his arm, and rendered his faculties incompetent to the task of vindicating the cause of an oppressed people. But even then, he had the satisfaction to behold a son inheriting the same generous principles, and ready to spill his blood in behalf of his country.

"On taking leave of his father, the hoary chieftain, now bending under the weight of years, fell on his neck, and, after giving him his blessing, encouraged him in the undertaking in which he was about to engage. 'My son (said he to Pascal Paoli), I may possibly never see you more; but, in

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imagination, I shall ever be present with you. Your design is great and noble, and I doubt not but God will bless and assist you in it. The little which remains to me of life I will allot to your cause, and in offering up my prayers and supplications to heaven for your protection and prosperity.'

"No sooner did this young and enterprising chief appear in the island, than he attracted the attention and even the hearts of his countrymen. His prudent deportment, his mature judgment, his affability, his modesty, and his eloquence, obtained the suffrages of all; amidst a multitude who presented themselves as candidates, he alone seemed worthy of the supreme command, and he was at length called to it by the unanimous suffrages of his countrymen, all competitors appearing desirous of resigning their pretensions in his favour.

"This joyful event was immediately ratified by a proclamation, in the name of 'the supreme and general council of Corsica, to the beloved people of that nation,' dated at 'St. Antonio of the White-house, July 15, 1755.'

"This general consulta, as it was termed, consisting of the chiefs of the council of war, the deputies of the provinces, and the representatives of the respective parishes, stated, 'that, having determined on the election of one political and general chief, the voices had been in favour of Pascal Paoli, a man whose virtues and abilities render him worthy thereof.' It is added, 'that he had expressed great reluctance to accept of the supreme command, but had at length been prevailed upon to take upon him the government, in the conduct of which he was to be assisted by two counselors of state, and one of the most reputable persons from each province, who were to be changed every month.'

"The situation of the island was far from being inviting at this particular period; there was no subordination among the people, no money in the public treasury, no arms in the arsenals. To remedy, in part, these defects, he new-modelled the government; but, instead of arrogating novel and extraordinary powers to himself, all his changes were not only

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formed on democratical principles, but appeared in strict conformity to the customs and manners of the people. Above all, he was extremely eager to curb and annihilate, if possible, assassinations; for the Corsicans, having been long denied public justice, had assumed the right of private revenge! it was computed, that the state lost eight hundred males yearly by this barbarous practice.

"As the Genoese were now in possession of a large portion of the island, it became necessary to drive them out. By persuasion and example, all ranks exerted themselves in the common cause, and the enemy were obliged in a short time to take refuge in the maritime towns. No sooner had he expelled the foe from the bosom of his country, than Paoli reiterated his endeavours for its internal happiness. An university was established at Corte, and an attempt made to open schools for the instruction of children in every village throughout the kingdom. The nation, at length, appeared to be firm and united, and, notwithstanding the numbers lost in skirmishes, the population increased considerably.

"In 1760, an attempt was made to form a petty marine;* and, to give encouragement to private adventurers, a manifesto was issued in the course of that year, by which, all the vessels appertaining to Genoa were declared to be legal prizes. On this, the doge and senate, being seriously alarmed for the commerce of the republic, proposed to send a deputation, on purpose to enter into a new treaty with the natives; but it was determined, in a general council, convoked at Vescovato, in Casinca, 'never to make any agreement with the republic, but on the express condition of having Corsica secured in the enjoyment of its liberties and independence.' A memorial was at the same time addressed to all the sovereigns of Europe, calling upon them, in the name of outraged humanity, to interfere in behalf of the happiness and prosperity of a nation which had so long and so manfully contended in behalf of its rights.

* Count Peres actually fitted out a flotilla, and was considered as the 'high admiral of Corsica.'

"But instead of receiving any succour from the neighbouring monarchs, one of these was preparing, at this very moment, to take part with their enemies, and wage a long and cruel war with them, first, as the ally of Genoa, and, next, in behalf of ridiculous and absurd pretensions, arising out of the claims of that state.

"Paoli now carried on continual hostilities with the invaders; but his success was not always correspondent to his talents. The whole of the open country was in possession of himself and his followers, yet the towns were still garrisoned by troops dependent on the will of Genoa. Were it possible to drive them from these, he was well aware that the domestic factions hostile to his interest might be easily subdued, and the dominion of foreigners annihilated for ever in the island.

"He determined accordingly to besiege St. Fiorenzo, and appeared before it with a considerable body of natives. It may be here necessary to remark, that the Corsicans, although brave and intrepid, were at that period nearly as ignorant of the art of war as the savages of Canada. They knew, indeed, how to intercept, overwhelm, and destroy, their enemies in the field, but they were totally unacquainted with the attack and defence of fortified places. On this occasion, they prepared, as usual, to intercept convoys, cut off stragglers, or restrain foraging parties; but they never dreamed of making regular approaches, and did not possess a single piece of cannon, a mortar, or even a howitzer. Their offensive operations, therefore, consisted merely in advancing up to the walls, under cover of the suburbs, whence they assailed those placed on the ramparts, by means of musquet-shot; and, as they were excellent marksmen, but seldom fired in vain, although their attacks were necessarily feeble, and, in general, unsuccessful.

"The doge and senate, alarmed lest they should at length be deprived of the sovereignty of the island, began to negotiate with the neighbouring powers for assistance, and, in the mean time, determined to send five hundred men to the succour of the place. It was extremely difficult to find a proper commander for these

troops; two, however, presented themselves as candidates. The first was Dumouriez, since so celebrated by the cannonade at Valmi and the battle of Jemappe, and at that period an adventurer, running through Italy in search of bread and employment. Notwithstanding his pretensions were backed by the French minister at Genoa, and the senator Lommellini, an old knight of St. Louis, called Lantieri, born in the dominions of the republic, and a captain in the royal Corsican regiment in the service of France, was preferred upon this occasion, and, on his arrival, the Corsicans were obliged to retire.

"But they proved more successful on another occasion, during which they evinced no small degree of perseverance and intrepidity. An expedition against the little island of Capraja, which has always been considered as dependent upon Corsica, was now resolved upon, in consequence of some important information obtained by a native, who had visited this place in his way from France. The conduct of the enterprise was committed to Signor Achilles Murati, commandant at Erbalonga, and Signor John Baptist Ristori, commandant at Turiani; who, on the evening of the 10th of February, 1767, set sail from the port of Macinajo, accompanied by Signor Mattei, and several gallant young men appertaining to the principal families of Cape Corso and Nebbio, who acted as volunteers, while a few Capraese, at the same time, served them as guides.

"Having effected a landing in the course of the same night, the Corsican leaders immediately signified to the natives that they were not come with any hostile intentions in respect to them, but merely to expel the Genoese, their oppressors. No sooner was their design intimated, than a number of the inhabitants joined them, and they immediately laid siege to the citadel.

"The Genoese, shocked at the idea that men whom they termed 'rebels,' not content with vindicating their own liberties, should be daring enough to unloose the chains of the people of a neighbouring settlement, immediately fitted out a considerable naval armament, under the command of Signor Augustino Pinello, a man

of true activity and valour, and a senator of the republic. In addition to this, colonel Antonio Matra made a descent with a chosen body of troops, so that the invaders were attacked both by sea and land at the same time. The Corsicans, however, not only found means to defend themselves with zeal, but also to press the siege, or, rather, the blockade, with such an extraordinary degree of vigour, that the citadel of Capraja surrendered on the 29th of May, 1767.

"But a great change was now about to take place in the situation of general Paoli, and the destiny of his native island. The Genoese, unable to bear the burden of a long and ruinous contest, and being unprovided with either forces or commanders, sufficient to finish the war, determined to demand the intervention of France. Louis XV. was easily prevailed upon, at the solicitation of the minister Choiseul, to compromise his own honour, as well as the dignity of the nation, by an unworthy bargain; and it was at length agreed, that the Marquis de Marbœuf, with six French battalions, was to garrison certain of the maritime towns, on purpose to enable the Genoese nobles to continue their spoliations with impunity.

"This measure, which, in the end, led to a transfer of the island and a war with Paoli, does not appear to have originated in any settled plan of policy, but in the intrigue of a few underlings appertaining to the court. The Marquis de Sorba, the Genoese resident in France, perceiving every thing to be venal at Versailles, determined to employ the notes of the bank of St. George, then in high reputation, on purpose to serve the interests of his native country. The celebrated Mademoiselle L'Ange, or Vaubernier, afterwards mistress to the king, under the name of Madame de Barré, and who has since been guillotined—Favier, a man who possessed great political discrimination, and had been privately employed in many interesting affairs by the reigning monarch—and even the Duchess de Grammont, sister to the premier (but the last of these without any pecuniary motives)—had all engaged in this affair, and were desirous of increasing the number of subsidiary troops.

"A body of soldiers was accord-

ingly sent over, and employed in garrisoning the maritime places; but Corsica still remained unsubdued, and a treaty was actually entered into with Paoli, by which he was tacitly acknowledged as the legitimate chief. The ambition of Louis XV was, however, flattered, about this period, with the hope of annexing a barren island to his fertile and extensive dominions; and measures were actually taken to purchase the very equivocal claims of the Genoese to a country which they had ruled with a sceptre of iron. Accordingly, in 1768, it was determined to send a fresh body of troops thither, under the Marquis de Chauvelin, a general little acquainted with the profession of arms, but who had attained a high credit in the voluptuous court of the reigning monarch, whose favourite he was.

"The army destined for this operation was composed of sixteen battalions and two legions, consisting, in the whole, of about five thousand men, who were deemed sufficient to achieve the conquest; more especially, as they were supported by a squadron of two sail of the line, two frigates, and six armed brigantines. Indeed, previously to their arrival, lieutenant general de Marbœuf had forced Paoli to abandon Cape Corse, and the posts in the neighbourhood of this town, and many of the young nobles who frequented Versailles repaired to the scene of action, with a view of witnessing and participating in the triumph of their countrymen.

"In the mean time, the Corsicans were posted in the heights of Nebbio, de la Croce, Maillebois, and St. Antonio, where they waited an attack; and, as they were unable to withstand the charge of veteran troops, armed with bayonets and provided with cannon, they retreated, after an action, in which they lost three hundred men. Immediately on this, Paoli retired behind the Guolo; but the French, notwithstanding their victory, were by this time fully convinced that it was no easy matter to overcome a brave, although small, nation, contending for their liberties; M. de Chauvelin, therefore, content with his recent success, instantly dispatched an officer to court, on purpose to demand immediate reinforcements.

"Some of his troops, however,

having imprudently penetrated into the Pieva de la Casinca, a body of five or six thousand natives, under the command of Clement Paoli, brother to the general, and an officer of great intrepidity, pretended to retreat; but he soon attacked the invaders, forced the post of la Penta, after killing or taking two hundred prisoners, and obliged the French to recross the river, and fall back to Notre Dame dell' Orto.

"In the course of a few days more, the camp of St. Nicholas was attacked by the whole Corsican army, and general Grandmaison, who held out until night, was obliged to take advantage of the darkness, to effect his retreat to Oletta, at the extremity of the plain of Nebbio. After this, they laid siege to the town of Borgo, which was garrisoned by a body of French, under M. de Lude; and a knight of St. Louis, called Grimaldi, who had formerly been in the service of Louis XV, having obtained possession of a house in the midst of the place, immediately intrenched himself there, and found means to cut off all communication with the water by which the enemy were supplied.

"In this situation, the garrison was reduced to the most deplorable condition, and on the point of capitulating on account of thirst alone. Having intimated their situation by means of signals, for all other modes of communication were now cut off, M. de Chauvelin was obliged to risk the progress of the campaign, as well as the safety of the whole army, by a movement to relieve them.

"This posture of affairs afforded a glorious opportunity to the Corsicans to vindicate their cause, assert their claims to independence, and punish their enemies. Paoli, having collected all his forces, determined on giving battle to the French, in case of an assault; and, on this occasion, fortune warred on the side of justice.

"The fate of this action, which occurred on the 5th of September, 1768, chiefly depended on the care with which a combined movement happened to be effected on the part of the French. While general Grandmaison marched along the heights by the way of Ortale, to attack the Corsicans on the side of the mountain, M. de Marbœuf was charged to turn

the left flank of the village, and M. de Narbonne to attack the centre. But the first division did not arrive at the place of its destination, and the two other columns, which engaged near the plain, were assailed on all sides by invisible enemies, who, knowing themselves unable to contend with a foe provided with all the implements of war in the open field, took post within and behind the houses, where they fired with equal safety and precision. To add to the catastrophe, of the regiment of Languedoc, which composed part of the garrison of Borgo, and sallied forth during the assault, one man only returned, so that the French were obliged to retire, leaving three hundred of their dead behind them, while M. du Lude was under the necessity of surrendering, in the course of the next day, with all the infantry, the colours of the royal legion, and four pieces of cannon.

"Such a brilliant exploit, on the part of an army whom the French considered as composed of an half-armed rabble of peasantry, infused terror and dismay into the ranks of the vanquished, obliged M. de Chauvelin to retire to Bastia, whence he soon after repaired to France, where he would certainly have experienced the most mortifying reception, had it not been for the favour of the monarch, who received his unfortunate friend with smiles, in the place of reproaches, and conferred new honours on, instead of disgracing, him.

"A suspension of arms now ensued, in consequence of a fresh treaty between the Corsicans and the French; but Dumouriez, who had been employed in this army as adjutant-general, under pretence that the Corsicans were not comprehended in it, intrigued with several of the natives at variance with Paoli, such as the Fabiani and Abbatucci; and he even endeavoured to surprise the post of Isola Rossa, by means of a traitor called Cappelchia, while he actually took the tower of Giralette by storm.

"The Corsican patriots, on the other hand, inflamed to madness by ill usage, entered into a well-concerted conspiracy, on purpose to exterminate the invaders. All the quarters occupied by the French were to be assaulted at the same time, and six battalions which had wintered in Olet-

ta were to be cut off by their hosts. The massacre did not take place, but the general attack was carried into execution, in consequence of which, a battalion of the regiment of la Mark was surprised in the Patrimonio, and the war renewed with increased rancour and redoubled fury.

"Such was the conclusion of the campaign of 1768, which commenced in injustice and terminated in disgrace. That of 1769 proved fatal to Corsican independence. M. de Choiseul now imagined that the glory of France would be tarnished, and his own safety endangered, if a small body of islanders was enabled any longer to defy the veteran armies of a great monarch. The most efficacious measures were therefore adopted by him, for achieving the conquest of the island in the course of the ensuing spring. To attain this object, he reinforced the vanquished army with twenty battalions, two legions, and twelve hundred mules; the last of which were intended for the transport of provisions through a mountainous country, where it was impossible to make use of carriages. To complete the whole, he conferred the command on the Count de Vaux, a most excellent officer, well acquainted with the theatre of the present war, and who joined considerable talents to an air of severity that made the young courtiers in the army tremble.

"No sooner had the new general reached head-quarters, than he expressed his majesty's disapprobation at the conduct of his officers, and evinced a settled determination to correct the abuses that had prevailed. He then formed a plan of operations, in consequence of which, he proposed to make an attack on the side of Ajaccio, by means of large detachments, while he himself was to force the passes of Bogognaro and Vico with the remainder of his troops. Accordingly, the army was divided into two columns, of twelve battalions each, one of which marched by the camp of St. Nicholas, and the other penetrated by that of St. Antonio; while M. de Narbonne with twelve battalions more, commenced operations on the side of Ajaccio, and M. de Marboeuf, at the head of eight, turned off through the plain of Mariana, on purpose to ascend the Tavignano, so

that these four bodies of troops menaced Corte at the same time. Nor was this all, for the Baron de Viomenil, with the legion of Lorraine, and some small detachments, was instructed to follow the road along the sea shore, through the plain of Aleria, as far as Porto Vecchio, at the same time that the French garrison of Bonifaccio, and some troops that were to be landed in the gulph of Valinco, received orders to march for Sartenne.

"This combined movement embraced the subjugation of all Corsica, and the unhappy natives, although they readily perceived that the enemy were now better led and more skilfully directed than before, yet determined to oppose their utmost efforts, and resist the invaders to the very last. Accordingly, after defending the bridge of Guolo and the village of Valle, they retreated, to the number of six or seven thousand men, to a high plain, situate on the top of a mountain crowned by a grove of chestnut trees, in the midst of which is an ancient Turkish mosque, now connected to a christian church, and denominated St. Peter's chapel. As this overlooks and commands the four adjoining vallies, it is considered as the key to the island; and the marshal de Termes had on a former occasion subjected all Corsica by taking post there.

"A small body of French actually advanced and took possession of the chapel, and, had they been properly sustained, Paoli, who was then reposing after his fatigues in an abbey, in the valley of Merosaglia, might, perhaps, have been taken prisoner. But the Corsicans, taking advantage of this forward movement, which was not supported by the main body, not only repulsed the assailants, but, finding that the Count de Viomenil had encamped for the night in a bottom, they glided into the woods, harassed the troops, and obliged them to retreat with considerable loss. Nor was their success confined to this skirmish, for they surprised the volunteers, of the army at Ponte Nuovo, routed three battalions of grenadiers who had been sent to support them, and were at length forced to retreat, merely on account of the decided superiority, both in point of numbers and arms. Of about fifteen hundred

Corsicans who combated upon this occasion, more than one third perished, and many of these were drowned, in consequence of their extraordinary zeal.

"The remainder of the campaign consisted of a mere march, for after this signal defeat the natives never once rallied. A person, since celebrated for his intrigues and his victories, at the expence of one hundred and seventy louis d'ors, contrived to bribe seventeen drunken men, who composed the garrison of the castle of Corte, and in return was presented with about a hundred volumes of Paoli's library, which was divided among five or six officers. According to Boswell, it consisted of but a small collection; but, we are told by Dumouriez, 'there was not a single book that did not bear evidence of its having belonged to a man of genius and a great politician.

"Paoli (adds he) has rendered his name illustrious, in consequence of the vigour with which he supported the cause of public liberty among the Corsicans; but, in truth, it was a little at the expence of their individual freedom. In the course of this war, he displayed great genius and a noble consistency; had he been endowed with military talents, had he known how to have instructed his countrymen in that species of hostility best suited to their natural bent, he would have destroyed our little army in 1768, and done us much more harm than we experienced in 1769.

"The Corsicans also exhibited a very laudable courage. It is astonishing that this handful of islanders, destitute of artillery, fortifications, magazines, and money, should have kept France at bay during two campaigns, although she had no other enemies to cope with. But liberty doubles the valour and the strength of man. If the Corsicans had not been disunited among themselves—if their leader had possessed their entire confidence, as he justly merited—if he had selected two or three military men acquainted with the art of war, on purpose to have acted under him, and to have formed a well-concerted plan of defence—it is doubtful whether they would ever have been conquered. The maritime towns might indeed have been taken, and all communication

between them and the rest of the universe cut off; but then, retiring to their inaccessible mountains, they could have set the gold and the arms of France at defiance, and supported their independence until a war among the great powers had opened a door to foreign assistance.

‘ This wandering people could never have been deprived of their goats, their chesnuts, and their streams : these simple aliments are sufficient for them. A rude kind of money, with a moor’s head stamped upon it, formed all their riches. Paoli made two hundred and forty sols out of a French crown, and a sum amounting to about three thousand livres of this base metal, served for all the purposes of exchange. They neither wanted arms nor ammunition, and they themselves spun their own clothes, which consisted of a coarse brown stuff, out of the hair or the wool of their flocks.

‘ The Corsicans (continues he) have reaped all the honours of the campaign of 1768. M. de Chauvelin was induced by French presumption to divide his little army, which thus became every where feeble. The enemy profited by this circumstance with equal rapidity and discernment; but they might have struck a still deadlier blow, which they, however, neglected. Instead of marching against the French at Penta and Vesovato, had they made a false attack only on those two points, and fallen suddenly on Borgo, Lucciano, and Vinale, which were garrisoned by two hundred and fifty very careless troops, the camp Dell’ Orto, which was much weakened, being two leagues and a half off, and the corps stationed in the Casinea, at three leagues distance, they could have certainly carried these different posts without any difficulty. The eight hundred men under D’Arcambal, in the Casinea, being thus completely surrounded, must have been either destroyed or taken prisoners. M. de Chauvelin would not then have had more than a sufficient number of troops to garrison the towns; he would have been forced to have abandoned the communication by the Patrimonio, and Paoli might have been enabled to have once more obtained possession of Cape Corso, and to have kept the French shut up in

the maritime places, as the Genoese were before the treaty. He would thus have been enabled to have received supplies in any quantity; for England and all the Italian powers assisted him privately.

“ In the same manner, at the attack of the camp of St. Nicholas, if he had ordered a body of troops to penetrate through the plains of Nebbio, on the side of Sorio and Perralba, he could have carried St. Fiorenza, which was entirely open, and where there were but one hundred and fifty men. The place itself was encumbered with magazines and hospitals. The division under general Grandmaison was four leagues distant, and his retreat would have been cut off.

‘ But, forgetting what he did not do, and which, perhaps, did not depend upon himself, all his attempts were bold, admirably combined, and executed with great art and precision. The conspiracy at Oletta, conducted by Galicetti, failed only in consequence of an accident very fortunate for the French, and the surprise of a whole battalion in the Patrimonio, was an attack upon winter-quarters that would have done honour to the greatest general.

“ During the campaign of 1769, he did not lose his courage, notwithstanding the numerous forces assembled against him. The rash and desperate engagement on the part of fifteen hundred Corsicans, against the French army at Ponte Nuovo, proves what might have been achieved by that brave nation. In the course of this campaign, he ought to have sent more parties to act upon our rear, and make war on our mules and convoys. All the enterprises of this kind attempted by him proved unsuccessful; had he multiplied them, and converted this into his principal system of warfare, he would have forced us, perhaps, to have fallen back for want of provision. Had he but held out until the rainy season, it is possible that he might have saved the liberties of his country during another summer, which would have been doing great things; for then foreign powers would have interfered, or the intrigues of the court might at least have produced the disgrace of the Duke de Choiseul, which would have entirely changed the face of affairs.

'As Paoli possessed a genius capable of perceiving all these combinations, it is most likely owing to events that occurred, and obstacles experienced by him on the part of his own nation, that we ought to attribute, not the faults, but the want of perfection, in his plan of defence. What he has achieved will always be a glorious historical monument in favour of him and this extraordinary people.

'The conquest of Corsica is an inexcusable piece of injustice on the part of the court of France. The Genoese had not any right to sell, or Louis XV any right to purchase, a territory whence the former had been driven upwards of thirty years by a nation which, since that epoch, was free. The Duke de Choiseul made the king of France purchase litigious claims and a bad law-suit, which cost him a great deal of money. In addition to the blood of the people, which unfortunately but too seldom enters into political calculations, these two campaigns have either occasioned or become the pretext for the expenditure of a sum exceeding eighty millions (of livres) extraordinary; and this, too, for the purpose of conquering an island which, notwithstanding every art of fiscal rapacity, has always cost six hundred thousand livres a year, over and above the amount of its revenues. Colonies, grants, all have been tried and failed, and have only served to alienate the minds of the Corsicans, on whom restraints of every kind have been imposed, and these, in their turn, have tended not a little to disgust their free genius and their simple and almost savage habits.

'M. de Chauvelin had not a sufficient number of troops to achieve the conquest of this island, and yet his army was accompanied by a parliament, an intendant, a crowd of clerks belonging to the farmer-general, custom-house officers, commissioners of the marine for the establishment of fisheries and other regulations, surveyors of the crown lands, and, in short, all the supporters of absolute power. Corsica, in fine, was converted into a great government, on the express condition, like all the rest in France, that the governor should have an income of sixty thousand livres a year, and yet be prohibited

from ever residing in his own province.'

"As it appeared evident, from the commencement of the second campaign, that his native country must succumb, Paoli resigned himself to his fate; but he found means to elude the pursuit of his enemies, and, in company with a few faithful followers, attached to his fortune, escaped on board an English vessel, sent on purpose to receive him. Indeed, the whole British people felt a generous indignation for the wrongs committed against his nation, as well as for his own particular misfortunes, and a subscription had been actually entered into, by a number of respectable individuals, for the relief of those brave defenders of their own and the liberties of mankind."

"On his arrival in London, a struggle took place between the patriots and the courtiers, who vied with each other in their attempts to console a general who had been stiled the 'Corsican Timoleon.' The ministers, who, instead of adopting a more open and manly kind of conduct, had contented themselves with sending a few paltry succours, now presented him to the king, by whom he was most graciously received. In addition to a considerable pension for himself, he also obtained a provision for Signor Clemente, his brother, who remained in Italy, Signor Barbaggio, his nephew, and several of his followers. In consequence of this, Paoli now lived in great ease, and even in some degree of splendour, in the metropolis of the British empire, having hired a good house in a fashionable street in the neighbourhood of Portman-square, and kept an open table for such of his countrymen as either resided in, or occasionally visited, London.

"It was in this manner that the Corsican chief enjoyed during many years an honourable exile and a secure retreat in the capital of a free nation, when a new and unexpected event, in consequence of which all Europe was convulsed, once more brought him

"* The aldermen Beckford and Trecothick, together with Samuel Vaughan, esq. were the trustees appointed by the subscribers; and the writer of this article is in possession of an original paper, containing an account of the donations.

upon the scene, and restored him to his country.

"In consequence of the French revolution, a better fate appeared to be reserved for Corsica, hitherto treated and considered during the monarchy as a conquered country. A more generous system now seemed about to prevail; and this island, instead of a dependant province, was recognized as a part of the nation, and assumed the name of a department. On this occasion, their former leader transmitted and published a letter to his countrymen, congratulating them on the recovery of their liberty, but lamenting, at the same time, that, as Corsica still constituted part of France, he could not rejoin them, consistently with the principles of gratitude, and his attachment to the English nation, from which he had long received, and was still receiving, great favours.

"Such, however, was the anxiety of his countrymen in behalf of the man who had vindicated their liberties, and such, it must be added, was the generous zeal of the members of the first assembly, that Paoli at length resigned his pension, and was induced to repair to Paris, and appear at the bar of the national assembly. His reception on this occasion was at once brilliant and affecting. Nor was the conduct of this veteran chief unworthy his reputation. In an eloquent speech, delivered upon this occasion, he observed, that after a painful exile of twenty years, he now felt it the happiest moment of his life to see liberty restored to his country, by the generosity of the French; and he expressed an earnest desire to contribute, as far as it was in his power, to the happiness of his fellow citizens. Sentiments like these, when uttered by such a man, could not fail to make a suitable impression. They were accordingly re-echoed from one end of Europe to another, and received by the national assembly with the highest respect; for, immediately after this, the oath of fidelity 'to the law, the nation, and the king,' being tendered and taken, Paoli was restored to his former command, and preparations made for his embarkation.

"He accordingly repaired to his native country, where he was received

with rapture, and appeared at length destined to enjoy a happy and honourable asylum during the remainder of his life. But new and important changes awaited him, and it was his fate once more to behold Corsica agitated by rival parties, and to find himself again tossed about by the tempest of politics.

"The arrest, trial, and execution, of Louis XVI produced considerable sensation, and was even followed by some tumults in the department of Corsica. But it was the tyrannical conduct of some of the factious demagogues, the overthrow, as well as the murder, of the patriots, joined to the blood shed throughout the empire and the chains which hung suspended over the heads of all, that more immediately led to the insurrection which ensued. Paoli appeared to be carried away with, while in fact he directed, the stream; and not only armed his partisans, but instigated the whole nation to resistance. On this, the convention, which had received timely intimation of his plans, immediately summoned him to appear at its bar, on purpose to give an account of his conduct. That tribunal, however, had now lost its character for impartiality, and a hoary politician was not to be caught in so slender a web as was spread for him on this occasion. He was therefore declared a traitor, and a price set upon his head.

"In the mean time, Paoli, surrounded by his trusty followers, resided at Corte, a town of difficult access, being situate in the centre of the island. He was powerfully supported by the whole body of the clergy, who were instigated upon this occasion by no common animosity; they had, indeed, been alienated before, by the decree for applying the domains of the church to liquidate the debts of the state. This party, by far the more numerous, as all true believers were called upon for their assistance, was denominated 'the sacred band;' and to it was only opposed a few hundred French who garrisoned the three maritime towns of San Fiorenzo, Bastia, and Calvi; but these were supported and countenanced, on the other hand, by a body of the natives, headed by Arena,

Casa Bienza, Saliceti, and Gentili, who still remained firmly attached to the convention.

"The policy and sagacity of Paoli finally triumphed. Knowing that Corsica could not either acquire or retain her independence, when confined to her own efforts, and foreseeing that she must finally make her election between the two powerful countries which then agitated all Europe with their rival fleets and armies, determined to declare for England, under the government of which, he was certain that his countrymen would enjoy the most permanent tranquillity. The task was difficult, and even hazardous; for, at this period, the forces of Great Britain had been obliged to evacuate Toulon, and her fleet was navigating the Mediterranean, in search of a port in which it could find shelter. Notwithstanding this situation of affairs, the gallant chief did not hesitate to come to an immediate decision; for he immediately transmitted dispatches to admiral lord Hood, in which he invoked his assistance against the French, and stated that Corsica was ready to declare in favour of the king of Great Britain.

"The nobleman to whom he addressed himself upon this occasion behaved with his usual prudence and circumspection. Determined, on one hand, to do nothing rashly, and, on the other, to let no fair opportunity escape, of adding to the territories and prosperity of his native country, he bethought himself of obtaining information from some confidential person, who might visit the island, converse with the inhabitants, and report to him the result. Colonel, now general, Moore, the officer selected upon this occasion, was accordingly landed at a place agreed upon, and, being conducted into the country, was thus enabled to make his own observations on the spot.

"These proving highly satisfactory, a fleet, on board of which was sir Gilbert Elliott, now lord Minto, in the character of commissioner from his Britannic Majesty, made its appearance in Bastia Roads; and that gentleman, in conjunction with the naval commander in chief, immediately published a letter to general Paoli, dated on board the Victory,

April 21, 1794. In this, they stated that they had repaired thither in consequence of a solicitation on the part of his excellency, in the name of the people of Corsica, and now proffered 'the aid of his majesty's naval and military forces in the Mediterranean, towards expelling the common enemy.'

'It is with the most lively satisfaction we acquaint your excellency (it is added), that we have it in command from his majesty to assent on his part to such a system as will cement the union of our two nations under a common sovereign, and, at the same time, secure for ever the independence of Corsica and the preservation of her ancient constitution, laws, and religion. With whatever satisfaction his majesty has graciously assented to propositions which promise, perhaps, for the first time, not only to afford to this island the blessings of tranquillity and peace, and a sudden increase of prosperity and wealth, but also to establish its natural independence and happiness on a secure and lasting foundation, his majesty is, however, determined to conclude nothing without the general and free consent of the people of Corsica. We therefore request your excellency to take the proper steps for submitting these important matters to their judgment; and as the small number of the enemy, invested at present by the British and Corsican troops, and which must soon either be destroyed or yield to superior force, can no longer give any uneasiness to this country, but the freedom and deliverance of Corsica are, in effect, accomplished—we beg leave to submit to your excellency, whether it may not be desirable to take the earliest measures for terminating these interesting concerns, and for adding a formal sanction to that union which is already established in the hearts of all our countrymen.'

"In consequence of this memorial, general Paoli addressed a letter 'to his dearly beloved countrymen,' dated Furiani, May 1, 1794; in which he reminds them of 'the many cruel and treacherous arrangements made by the three commissioners of the French nation, who were sent over to their island, and in what manner they attempted to concentrate the powers of

government in a small number of their satellites, destined to be the instruments of those violences and cruelties which were to be exercised against all well-meaning persons, and against the nation at large.' He then notices 'the unjust decree which ordered his own arrest, and transfer to the bar of the assembly,' against which they themselves had remonstrated. After complimenting them for having retained their ancient bravery and attachment to their country, he remarks that 'he had felt the necessity of foreign assistance; and, in conformity to their general wishes and to the public opinion and universal expectation, had recourse to the king and generous and powerful nation which had on other occasions protected the remains of their liberty.' He then concludes, by proposing a general assembly of deputies, to be convoked at Corte, on the 8th of June, on purpose to consider of the propriety of the projected union, and form a government founded on the model of Great Britain. 'With respect to myself, my dearly beloved countrymen (continues he), after having devoted every moment of my life to your happiness, I shall esteem myself the happiest of mankind, if, through the means I have derived from your confidence, I can obtain for our country the opportunity of forming a free and lasting government, and of preserving to Corsica its name, its unity, and its independence, whilst the names of the heroes who have spilt their blood in its support and defence will be, for future generations, objects of noble emulation and grateful remembrance.'

"In consequence of this invitation, a general consulta of deputies accordingly took place, at the time and in the town already specified, by means of letters of convocation expressly issued for this purpose; and, in the dispatch of the commissioner upon this occasion, it is expressly stated, 'that the union of Corsica to the crown of Great Britain is finally and formally concluded, and that no national act was ever sanctioned by a more unanimous proceeding on the part of those who were authorised to do it, or by a more universal approbation, amounting, I may say, to enthusiasm, on the part of the people.'

"On the day following, *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, accompanied by the discharge of artillery, and prayers were offered up for his majesty, by the name of George the Third, king of Great Britain and Corsica. In the evening, the town was illuminated, and the inhabitants demonstrated their loyalty and joy by every means in their power. A new constitution, brilliant indeed, but unsuitable, perhaps, to the genius of the natives, was soon after formed and promulgated; while, by way of recognition of the annexation of Corsica to the crown of England, a coinage took place at the Tower of London, and the arms of Corsica were quartered with those of Great Britain.

"But, unhappily, amidst this tumult of joy and satisfaction, a coolness took place between the English viceroy and the Corsican general; in consequence of which, the latter, who had hoped to spend the remainder of his life in his native country, deemed it necessary, for the preservation of the public peace, to embrace a voluntary exile. It would ill become the writer of this article, to endeavour, in this place, to withdraw the veil which is thrown by policy over the springs of human events, and to investigate the causes of the unhappy reverses that soon after took place, and which, in the end, subverted the dominion of England in the island of Corsica. Certain it is, that the natives very powerfully contributed to the expulsion of the French, and that their zeal, after the departure of their beloved commander, waxed more cool daily. Had he been permitted to remain on the spot, his presence, perhaps, would have revived their enthusiasm, as well as reanimated their efforts, and the conqueror of Italy might not have so easily succeeded in once more planting the French standard on the battlements of the island.

"It is but justice, however, to remark, that no blame can attach to Paoli, who, previously to his departure, addressed a letter to his countrymen, in which he conjured them to remain firm in their friendship and allegiance to Great Britain. To put his own fidelity entirely out of dispute, he himself, after a short residence in Italy, repaired to England; and, as he had experienced a considerable loss,

in consequence of the failure of a mercantile house at Leghorn, to which he had entrusted the whole of his little fortune, and no immediate offers were made to restore his pension, the general was for some time content with an obscure lodging in Oxford-street. As a mark of royal munificence* was INTENDED to have been exhibited soon after, there can be but little doubt that the Corsican chief is now rescued from penury, and restored to that affluence which he so well deserves.

"General Paoli is now near seventy-seven years of age, and he appeared to the author, about three years ago, to have suffered less from the pressure of time than any septuagesenarian he had ever seen or visited before. His countenance was then hale and ruddy, his step firm, and his eye piercing; but what he chiefly remarked was, the fluency with which the general spoke English; not disdaining, like too many foreigners, to become acquainted with the language of the nation among which he resided. It is thus that he was described by Boswell, in 1766, when he visited him at Sollacrao.—

"Leaving my servant with my guides, I past through the guards, and was met by some of the general's people, who conducted me into an anti-chamber, where were several gentlemen in waiting. Signor Bocciampé had notified my arrival, and I was shewn into Paoli's room. I found him alone, and was struck with his appearance. He is tall, strong, and well made; of a fair complexion, a sensible, free, and open, countenance, and a manly and noble carriage. He was then in his fortieth year. He was dressed in green and gold. He used to wear a common Corsican habit; but, on the arrival of the French,

"* Among the items of the civil list presented to the house of commons in March, 1802, appeared a charge of seven hundred and sixty-two pounds to Duval and Co. for the expence of a picture from his majesty to general Paoli. Mr. Jones said upon this occasion, 'he was always happy to see an instance of munificence on the part of the sovereign to so distinguished a character as general Paoli; but, strange to tell, if his information was correct, general Paoli had never received the picture!'

he thought a little external elegance might be of use, to make the government appear in a more respectable light."

"Paoli has associated with and been praised by many men of literary eminence. Rousseau mentions his efforts to liberate an oppressed people from their fetters with unreserved praise, and loudly condemns the French for their rapacious and predatory attempt on the independence of Corsica.

"During his residence in England, he cultivated an acquaintance with Mrs. Macauley, who entertained a high respect for his talents and his patriotism; he also lived in habits of familiarity with Goldsmith and Johnson, by whom he was highly esteemed, and the biographer of the latter has been at uncommon pains to record his merits and repeat his sayings; while the great and good lord Lyttleton was pleased to wish, a little before his death, 'that he had been a few years younger, on purpose to go on pilgrimage to Corsica, that he might visit this living image of ancient virtue, and venerate, in the mind of Pascal Paoli, the spirit of Timoleon and Epaminondas.'" p. 372.

XVI. THE PLEASURES OF NATURE; or, the Charms of Rural Life: with other Poems. By DAVID CAREY. sm. 8vo. 170 pages. 4s.6d. Vennor and Hood.

PLEASURES of Nature, in two books, seven Elegies, on various subjects, Burlesque Elegies and Parodies, Varieties, together with English and Scotch Songs, make up this little volume. The first and longest poem contains some beautiful lines: take the first five stanzas.

1.

"Nature! thy charms let other men forego—
Thy paths of peace, enamell'd all with flowers;
Thy green woods gay, where sweetest warblings flow;
Thy wild walks, where the misty mountain towers;

And hie to where the cloud of battle
lowers,
And havoc, purple-wing'd, o'er shades
the path;
In glory's wild pursuit strain all their
powers,
And chase the phantom to the gates of
death,
What time ambition pours the vial of
her wrath:—

2.

Or dance attendance at the proud di-
van,
And, prostrate, at the feet of fortune
fall;
For man will worship thus his fellow-
man,
And lick the dust, and at his footstool
crawl;
Will, when the hopes of gain his soul
enthral,
Nor scorn to fawn, to flatter, or betray,
But stifle in his breast the tender call
Of conscience, and with flowers bestrew
the way
That leads to endless woe, and dark-
ness, and dismay.

3.

Oh! is there, Nature, in thy widest
range,
That boasts the breath of life from gra-
cious heav'n,
And man's similitude, that would ex-
change
Thy pure delights for all that wealth has
given?
From the bright train that gems the brow
of even,
His gaze averting, far away could start,
To watch and worship, by wild passions
driven,
Their image glittering near a villain's
heart,
And tread, with such, the rounds of in-
famy and art?

4.

If such there be—though fortune loves
to fling,
Where'er he roves, the sunshine of her
smile;
Though his be many a title, many a
string,
And his the wreath that crowns the war-
rior's toil;
O never, never, let the muse defile
Her virgin purity, and bow the knee,
And with her incense cloud the shrine
of guile,
Too prodigal of immortality,
But stamp't her stigma deep—eternal
infamy!

5.

For me—when I this primrose path re-
sign,
Round which the balmy-breathing south
wind plays;
Where the wild bees their honied
sweets refine,
And murmur soft their little fairy lays;
When, with a lover's eye, I cease to
gaze
On nature's charms, though rob'd in
simple stole,
For pomp, for honour's, meretricious
blaze,
May joy desert the seasons as they roll,
And pleasure ever be a stranger to my
soul!" p. 5.

Of the small pieces, we give

"THE VILLAIN,—MAN.

"Spoken by a Mother to her Infant
Daughter.

1.

"Thy rest is mild, my darling child,
Thy visions bright, thy pillow smooth,
And sweet the smile, that plays the
while,
And dimples round thy coral mouth.
But not so mild, my darling child,
Will be thy rest, it never can!
If e'er you prove, like me, the love
And friendships of the villain,—Man!

2.

Yet be thy rest, thy visions, blest;
Blest, though with grief I sigh sincere,
Though oft these sighs for thee arise,
Oft mingles with thy milk a tear.
Oh! could my breast thy bed of rest
For ever be, that I might fan
In thine those fires that heav'n inspires,
And shield thee from the villain,—
Man!

3.

It makes me sigh, to think that I
Could once have slept as sound as thee,
And sadly weep, to think that sleep
Shall never more my portion be.
To win my love, thy father strove,
And veil'd with seeming truth his plan;
But, ah! betray'd a witless maid—
The villain! oh! the villain,—Man!

4.

And thus, with art, child of my heart!
Will he diffuse the lying smile,
And call, each prayer, the gods to
hear,
And thy unpractis'd heart beguile.
Wait not to prove, child of my love!
Wait not his proffer'd vows to scan;

Be thine to fly, or you will sigh,
And curse, like me, the villain,—Man!
5.

To deserts wild, my darling child!
Be thine, with innocence, to fly;
And, like the buds that gem the woods,
Bloom only to the vernal sky.
Soft ling'ring there, with tender care,
Thy mother's spirit oft shall fan
Those holy fires, that heaven inspires,
And guard thee from the villain,—
Man!" p. 135.

Many of these poems are marked
by feeling and vivacity.

XVII. TALES. *From the Russian of*
NICOLAI KARAMSin. 8vo.
270 pages. Johnson.

HAVING given, on a former occasion, specimens of the travels of this ingenious Russian nobleman, we announce his Tales: they are three in number, all about love, and in an extravagant direction. The last, entitled Julia, is the recovery of an imprudent wife: the conclusion of the story characterises the manner after which the whole is written.

"Julia, unable to discover the least trace of her husband, retired to her country seat.

"Here (she would say), too giddy Julia, you were once happy! Now you must pass your days in solitude and repentance, remembering how enviable you might have been in the best of husbands, how deservedly wretched you are in his loss. Sweet rural shades! I left thee in company with the tenderest of mankind. I revisit thee—a poor, forlorn, deserted, widow.' Then, taking the miniature of Boris from her bosom, she looked fondly on it, kissed it, and addressed it—

"Dear, lovely, counterfeit! I will study thee, and model myself on thy worth. The heart of Julia shall again love virtue; for, on thy countenance virtue sits enthroned: its image shall be my constant guest: I will yet prove myself worthy the name I still bear."

"When a woman seriously fixes a determination, nothing can exceed the resolution, constancy, and perseverance, of her conduct. Julia, so near being numbered with the Lais

of the present day, became a pattern of exemplary rectitude, devoting herself altogether to the memory of her husband.

"She would unburthen all her thoughts to his picture, and feel relief in a consciousness that she again was all he wished.

"I am forsaken (she would say); I merit it; I dare not even wish for his return; but, surely, I may wish peace and happiness to be the inhabitants of his honest heart. Oh! let him forget poor Julia quite, for the idea of her depravity preys upon his mind. Forget her—since it must be so—while the remembrance of his love, like a guardian spirit shall ever hover round me; and I will live, that he may possess in this world one heart faithfully attached to him. I have heard of the effects of sympathy. Perhaps—oh! let me cherish the sweet idea!—perhaps, when wandering, solitary and alone, he may feel my unceasing ardent love; or, when he steals an hour from care, to lull his sorrows in a peaceful slumber, perhaps, some aerial sylph, perching lightly on his pillow, may whisper to his ears—Boris, arise, thy Julia still deserves thy love.—He will fancy he awakes, and beholds, at a distance, his Julia—still the darling of his heart—sitting mournfully over his picture, kissing the dear inanimate resemblance, and offering up the tears of repentance at the shrine of virtue! Ah, me! he starts—he wakes—'tis all delusion.

"Perhaps—but I wish without hope—let me also love without hope!"

"While she thus indulged a melancholy, sweetly painful to her heart, she discovered, with infinite joy, that she was soon to be a mother. Yet the remembrance that her child would be an alien to his father embittered her expected happiness.

"True, I shall be a parent, and the sweet pledge of my lost husband's love will fill my anxious arms; but no glad father's smile will bless my infant, no parental tear of joy embalm his precious little face. Poor little wretch! deserted ere thou yet hast seen the light! Thou wilt enter this world an helpless orphan, and the misery of thy mother will be the first object presented to thy opening eyes. But the will of heaven be

done! The guilty must not repine. Welcome, then, my darling babe! With thy birth, I shall contract a new obligation to live and to suffer. For thy sake, smiles shall once more dimple on my face: I will be gay to meet thee. A mother's tenderest love awaits thy coming, and thy cherub beauties will reward her care."

"She now busied herself altogether in preparing for the reception of the stranger. Emilie, that unique work, was constantly in her hand. 'I have not been a good wife (she would say), let me be a good mother.' She began anxiously to count her time, till it came to days, hours, minutes. She already doated on the unborn infant, and longed impatiently to see her treasure.

"At length, a boy blessed her maternal anxieties—the sweetest, prettiest, little fellow in the world! She suffered neither pain or weakness. Ecstasy was the only feeling of which she was susceptible. Her unwearied looks wandered with inexpressible rapture over his dawning beauties. She saw his father's eyes, modelled with infant softness; and the little lips already reminded her of his smile. The softest, sweetest, tenderest, names that love could frame were constantly addressed to her little idol; and, when she held him to her breast, to give him nourishment, her feelings were more than exquisitely gratified, her very soul dissolved with pure delight.

"Her fate was now improving. As soon as she was permitted, she ran into the open air with her little darling; and all those scenes which had formerly created new sorrows in her bosom now wore a friendly aspect. When the sun shone upon her boy, she thought its glories brighter; every bough which yielded to the pressure of the passing gale seemed to incline to kiss her child. She thought the birds sang sweeter to enchant him; and the butterflies played around solely for his entertainment.

"Julia was all the mother! in the endearing offices of a parent she found herself repaid for all her miseries. The charms of the great world, which she once worshipped, she now smiled on with contempt. Caressing her boy, she would have been completely happy, but for the remembrance of what

his father's sufferings might be. 'I (said Julia) enjoy the greatest felicity with this sweet precious infant, while my unhappy husband roams, like an exile, through a solitary world. Oh! that some kind angel would tell my Boris of my reformation. I am again worthy of him; I feel I am, and can pledge myself to him anew, in the face of heaven, and tell him I still merit his love. But he does not know it: he thinks me abandoned, and supposes me plunged in the delusions of vice. Could he only return for one moment, just to see our child, even were it merely to say—Julia, you do not deserve to possess him—and then tear himself away, still, I should be content; for it would give him pleasure.'

"Meanwhile, the charming little Boris blossomed forth like the unfolding rose-bud. He began to play about the meadows; would fill his mother's lap with daisies, and hiss, 'Oh, how I love my dear mamma!' He would climb her knee; and sometimes, when his features too painfully reminded her of his father, and the tribute of a tear would consecrate the sad remembrance, his little arms would creep about her neck, and bow down her face, that he might kiss the falling drop away.

"The summer was in its highest bloom; and Julia, with her little Boris, was rambling, one morning, among the fields, when a variety of circumstances presented to her mind the picture of that spring which began her marriage. She felt oppressed, and, suffering her darling play-fellow to pursue the butterflies, she sat down on a rising turf, and took her husband's portrait from her bosom, that she might converse with it. She sighed, spoke, wept, till sorrow overpowered her, and, by an irresistible impulse, she drooped, and fell asleep.

"A distracted mind is often haunted, in dreams, with frightful phantoms. Julia dreamed, that the wide ocean lay immediately before her. Suddenly, the sky lowered: black clouds, coming from every quarter, almost enveloped the world in darkness. Thunder rolled, the roaring peals reiterated, and the effect was tremendous. Then the vivid lightning shot from the heavens; the firmament seemed to open, and a ter-

rific display of light reflected a ship, drifting on the raging waters, without masts or rudder, solely at the mercy of the overwhelming element. Sometimes, it vanished in the deep abyss; and then a powerful wave raised it to the heavens, whence it seemed to plunge into eternity. Julia, scarcely able to support the sight, prayed for the poor mariners: her heart bled for them; and a monstrous surge having dashed a body on the beach, she flew to afford it help. As she used her efforts to recal life, she discovered—Boris. He was cold, lifeless, insensible to the ardent kisses which she gave him, or the fond welcome of her throbbing heart. She shrieked, awoke—and Boris stood before her!

"Full of life, full of love, he rushed into her arms—never, never, more to part.

"The child, alarmed, ran up to see what had happened to his dear mamma. Boris snatched him to his heart; while his infant hands instinctively caressed his new-found father.

"Julia gazed on them both, sank on her knees, and, circling her husband and her child within her arms, thanked heaven for her happiness in eloquent silence.

"I must pass over the luxury of this scene, too exquisite for description; and leave the happy pair to indulge in all the raptures of a reunion, while I account for the magical appearance of Boris.

"As he removed from place to place, he kept up a correspondence with a faithful friend at Moscow, from whom he learnt the whole of Julia's conduct. Convinced, at length, of her reformation, and doating with unabated tenderness, he hastened back, and appeared as you have seen.

"Since this period, they live in uninterrupted happiness at their country seat, loving each other, and taking no concern about the world.

"Boris would not suffer Julia to describe her former follies in the hideous colours she was disposed to employ. 'You, Julia (he would argue), were born virtuous. An excessive desire to please, and an insatiable vanity, led you into dangers, which required very uncommon talents to

escape. Your errors have been venial; you wanted only to see the deformity of vice, to give you a proper estimate of virtue. You wonder, perhaps, why I never opposed your wishes, or offered any comments on your conduct. I was silent, from a conviction that reproach too often hardens the heart, whereas tenderness and patience will ultimately succeed with a generous, undepraved, mind. You would have thought me jealous; your resentment might have been fatal. Things came to a crisis; and separation was the only step I could pursue. I left you to your own judgment; I knew your heart was good; and have found it so!

"Now thou art mine for ever!"

"In love, women are susceptible, credulous, and yielding; men, humble, flattering, and designing. Still, an attentive, honourable, husband forms a chaste wife, while the infidelity of a Frederick begets the frailty of his Anna.

"Boris and Julia often entertained different opinions on casual subjects; but they cordially united in this sentiment, that

"A virtuous life, founded on a mutual desire to please, is the grand secret of connubial felicity." p. 262.

XVIII. HARRY CLINTON; *a Tale for Youth*. 12mo. 450 pages. 4s. 6d. Johnson.

THIS work being only a compilation from a novel of celebrity, we shall only insert the preface by way of explanation.

"It has been observed by a modern French novelist, that writers whose irregular genius has not permitted them to polish all the riches they possess, may be happily explored by others.

"This idea may, with peculiar propriety, be applied to Mr. Brooke's principal work. The Fool of Quality abounds with real genius and genuine feeling, but so obscured by fanaticism and extravagance, that it has sunk into neglect.

"From this celebrated production, the materials of the present tale are selected, and presented to youth, as exhibiting a history of the practical

education and culture of the heart; a subject, perhaps, to which an ingenious modern writer * on education, to whose admirable talents the public are greatly indebted, has not sufficiently adverted.

"The stores from which I have drawn, in the present little work, are rich and abundant; nor, should the polish be found worthy of the gem, need it be disdained by persons of maturer age, who may extract from it both profit and delight.

"There is an air of romantic wildness in the original tale, the scenes of which are laid in other times, that, in some degree, I have thought proper to preserve. The dialogue, particularly in the first part of the story, seldom required alteration: with the sentiment, I have sometimes taken liberties: the style is throughout compressed, and rendered less obsolete. One only of the episodes, with which the original work abounds, has been preserved, the history of a man of letters, as entering into the present plan; being a striking example of the mischievous consequences resulting from an improper education.

"In the general principles of morality, with which the story is replete, care has been taken to avoid the narrowness of system or the language of a party; and, in selecting those incidents which may touch the heart and awaken its purest affections, still more solicitude has been employed not to inflame the senses or rouse prematurely the passions of youth.

"* Edgeworth's Practical Education.

"The above remark alludes only to the work mentioned; the excellent stories in the Parent's Assistant, and Moral Tales, by Miss Edgeworth, are equally calculated to enlighten the understanding, delight the imagination, and touch the affections, of children and young persons.

XIX. HISTORY of the Progress and Present State of ANIMAL CHEMISTRY. By W. B. JOHNSON, M.B. 8vo. 3 vols. 400 pages each. 11.4s. Johnson.

THIS work, replete with information, contains a sketch of what
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is known relative to the several subjects of animal chemistry. The chapters are arranged under—Animal Substances, Fluids, Solids, Hard and External Parts, Oils, Acids, Poisons, Aromatics, Colouring Matter, Concretions, Excrements, &c. Life and Death. As a specimen of the author's industry and judgment, we give the following interesting account of the vital principle; a subject which has employed the pens of so many philosophers.

"That life is a material principle, and, consequently, subject to the laws of chemical affinities, has been asserted by several philosophers; but although no satisfactory explanation has yet been given respecting its action, or mode of producing its various effects, when considered in a chemical view, it will not be deviating from the object of the present work to give a few of the principal opinions that have been held of its nature.

"The existence of a living principle in the animal body has been acknowledged from the earliest ages. At first, it was looked upon as being particularly connected with the blood; for, having observed that the body was deprived of life by great evacuations of blood, either in battle or by accidental causes, it was natural to conclude, that this fluid conveyed the living principle out of the wound, and produced death. This was the idea of Moses, and the reason why that legislator prohibited the Israelites from eating blood. 'Therefore I said unto the children of Israel—Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh; for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof. I will even set my face against that soul that eateth blood; for the life of the flesh is in the blood.' Homer gives death the epithet purple (porphureos thanatos); and Virgil alludes to it when he says, 'purpuream vomit ille animam.' Empedocles and Critias believed life to be the blood itself.

"Upon examining the opinions of the ancient sects of philosophers on the immateriality and materiality of the soul, it would appear, that the immaterialists, considering all the subtle and invisible fluids as not subject to the laws of matter, thought they had discovered amongst them the origin of the soul, whilst some of them

seem to have confounded the soul with the living principle. Thus, Heraclitus looked upon the soul, or intelligent principle, as incorporeal, or an exhalation; Parmenides, that it was fire; Epithormus, that it was extracted from the sun; and Anaxagoras, Anaximenes, and Archelaus, that it was a subtile air. Hippo asserted it to be a vapour; for, according to him, humidity was the principle of all things; and Boecius, that it was composed of air and fire. Marcus Antoninus the stoic was persuaded of it's great resemblance to the wind; and Critolaus imagined that its essence was a fifth substance. Many of the moderns have supposed the soul originates from the seminal liquor; that, at first, it is merely a vegetating principle, like unto that of a plant, but afterward, on becoming more perfect, it acquires a sensitive property, and is at last rendered reasonable by the divine co-operation.

"Pythagoras had imagined the soul to be detached from the air, and had invented an anima mundi, from which the souls of men were emanations; but, as the reciprocal action of the soul and the body upon each other was not easily explained on the supposition of immateriality, Plato seems to have improved on the idea of Pythagoras, by proposing that of a plastic nature, a kind of intermediary living principle, connecting the soul and body; and this plastic principle was acknowledged even by Hippocrates and Aristotle, although differently modified by various sects. Aristotle the peripatetic, and the scholar of Plato, asserts the soul to be the first entelechia of the natural organic body, having the living principle under its direction. It has three faculties, the nutritive, the sensitive, and the rational. The first is that in which life is the only active principle: the second is that by which feeling is produced: the third is peculiar to man, and is that part of him which knows and judges. This intellect is either an intellectum agens vel patiens. The first may be separated from the body, and is immortal: the other is perishable. Life is a permanence of the soul, according to this philosopher, retained by the natural heat; and the principle of this heat is in the heart. Galen was much attached to the doctrine of

Aristotle, and made commentaries full of erudition on the works of that philosopher. Among the Arabs, Avicenna and Averroes were the principal who commented on the doctrine of the Stagyrte. Among the physicians of Italy that followed the same doctrine, was Andrew Cesalpinus, first physician to Clement VIII; and it ended with Corringius.

"Leucippus, Democritus, and Epicurus, were real materialists. They were of opinion, there was nothing in existence but body, and that the principle of life and intelligence are only modifications of matter; that they arise from the disposition of the atoms in organized bodies, in the same manner as the flesh, the blood, and other sensible parts.

"Lactantius, who believed the soul likewise corporeal, after having examined all the various opinions of philosophers on the subject of the essence of which the soul is composed, and having regarded them all as uncertain, acknowledges, however, they are not without some share of truth—our soul, or the principle of life, being in the blood, in the heart, and in the spirit—but that it is impossible to express the nature which is the result, being more easy to see the operations of it than to define it.

"It would appear, therefore, all the ancients had some idea of a living principle which animates the corporeal machine; and this is asserted by Plutarch, who ought to know best the sentiments of the ancients, having given a treatise on their opinions. He says, as being acknowledged by all of them, that spirit is only a subtile matter, and our soul, which is the air, keeps us alive; and, in this manner, all the world contains spirit and air, which are only two names signifying the same thing.

"The anima mundi of Pythagoras, the *phusis* of Hippocrates and the *pneuma* of the author of De Mundo, was afterwards described by the name of calidum innatum, as expressing the vital principle; and some of the first restorers of letters adopted the same opinion; and, during a considerable part of the seventeenth century, a regular system prevailed, by which the vital principle was reckoned the efficient cause of generation and existence in all animals and plants. It then

took the name of *anima vegetans*. Paracelsus changed this term, in his hypothetical and fanciful method of reasoning, for that of *sidereal spirit*, which, according to his opinion, was equally independent of the body and the mind, but descended from the firmament, as the rational soul proceeded from the deity. Van Helmont, who thought he improved upon the system of his master Paracelsus, suggested the theory of the *Archeus*, without venturing to assert the unity of the rational and living souls. The actions of the *Archeus* were afterwards reduced by Stahl to the operations of the rational soul; but, according to Dr. Ferriar, Descartes appears to have been the first modern philosopher who rejected the separate existence of the vital principle, under all denominations. He availed himself of the progress that was made in the nervous physiology not long before, by Willis and others, to form an hypothesis of the vital functions, founded on the supposition of the nervous fluid or animal spirits, which was the language of that period. The doctrine of Stahl made considerable progress; and the supposition of a rational power, or *vis medicatrix nature*, which directs all the actions of the body, both in health and disease, became universal; and, for a long time, the terms of nature, sensitive soul, and vital principle, were employed without much opposition. The existence of a nervous fluid was now assumed independently of the sensitive soul, to explain the appearances of sensation and voluntary motion.

"About the middle of the last century, when Haller was asserting his theory of the *vis insita* and *vis nerva*, Dr. Whytt of Edinburgh attempted a reformation of the Stahlian doctrine, which excluded the independent living principle. He supposes the soul to be present in different parts of the brain at the same time, while he considers this soul as immaterial and unextended.

"Some philosophers, at length, began to imagine that matter might acquire vitality, in consequence of a certain organization, and amongst these were Buffon and Hoffmann. But while no single hypothesis respecting the vital principle prevailed generally, two theories appeared which more

particularly engaged the attention. Dr. Monro gives his explanation of the *intellectus agens* in the body, by saying, that the power which created all things, which gave life to animals, continues to act upon and to maintain all, by the unceasing influence of a living principle pervading the universe, the nature of which our faculties are incapable of duly comprehending. The other theory was that of John Hunter, who revived the idea of the blood being endued with the living principle. This opinion, as observed before, is not only to be found in the writings attributed to Moses, but, in modern times, it had been asserted by Harvey, Hoffmann, and, more particularly, by Huxham, who even mentions the red globules as the peculiar seat of life. The proofs which John Hunter brings of the life of the blood are the following. 1. It unites living parts when effused between them. 2. The blood becomes vascular, like other living parts. 3. Its temperature, as it flows from the vein, is always equal, in the most opposite temperatures to which the body can bear exposure. 4. It is capable of being acted upon by a stimulus, as is the case when it coagulates. 5. The last direct proof of the life of the blood is the nourishment and preservation of life in paralytic limbs.

"Goodwyn, who endeavoured to consider the subject of vitality in a manner different from what it had been, taking the living body when all the accidental signs of life are removed, and applying to it those external powers which really do restore them, then attending to the place and circumstances of their first operation, and the immediate effects they produce, was led to examine the essential quality of life; and, consequently, to the means of distinguishing it from death. This physician is of opinion, that the heart is the great seat of the principle of life, in all the more perfect animals; and that the contraction of the heart with the ordinary stimulus is the only mark of the presence of this principle; that when the heart contracts, under such circumstances, the body is alive; when not, it is dead. Life he therefore defines to be the faculty of propelling the fluids through the circulatory system. According to him, the external con-

mitant circumstances which operate upon the body in health are, heat and respiration, which excite the vital principle to action; and whenever the functions of an animal are suddenly suspended, and the body puts on the appearance of death, it is always in our power to determine whether it be really dead, by restoring the temperature, and by inflating the lungs with proper air. He is of opinion, with some others, that there are no means of determining the absolute deprivation of the vital principle but by the presence of putrefaction.

"Currie, on appreciating the powers of life, affirms, that if a definition of it were required, it might be most clearly established on that capacity by which the animal preserves its proper heat under the various degrees of temperature of the medium in which it exists. That the more perfect animals possess this power in a superior degree; and this is necessary, from the exercise of their vital functions. That the inferior animals have it in a lower degree, and vegetables lower still; which is according to their limited powers and humbler organization. And as the capacity of preserving nearly an uniform temperature in all varieties of climate and season is a criterion of life in the more powerful animals, it is probable that a few degrees of increase or diminution of the heat of the system produces diseases and death. Metzler supposes carbonic acid gas to afford the principle of life. De la Metherie looks upon the principle of life to be the *aura animalis*, somewhat analogous to the *aura seminalis*; and Girtanner affirms irritability to be the principle of life. Somewhat before the time when Goodwyn published his 'Connection of Life with Respiration,' a revolution had taken place in chemistry, and the attention of philosophers became more particularly directed to investigate the chemical processes that were supposed to take place in the animal economy, and by which the principle of life came in for its share. This change in the systems arose from the discovery of oxygen, which was found to be that principle which some of the ancients had imagined to exist in the atmosphere; a certain something which they saw was necessary to life. This oxygen is the

pneuma that Aristotle says unites with the blood; and Chrysippus von Soli, who gave to the pneuma the most extensive range, expressly declares, that it is what generates life; whilst Praxagoras the physician says, that the soul is strengthened by spirituous air.

"This theory of Chrysippus and Praxagoras had its disciples in the middle ages, and, in latter times, it received great influence from the discovery of the circulation of the blood. For this discovery, we are indebted to Michael Servetus or Andrew Celsapinus, each having mentioned that circumstance before Harvey. It now became clear where the blood met with the inspired air, and how it was then sent through the body. Servetus expressly says, that the blood passes through the lungs, obtains there an addition of vital spirit from the atmospheric air, and returns impregnated with this from the lungs to the heart. Bacon added to the doctrine of the pneuma, and says the vital spirit is composed of air and fire, which, by their union, produce a weak combustion, or, as it may be called, the phlogistic process of life (*incensio spirituum vitalium*). Hence, from the time of Praxagoras, there appears to have been a similar idea of a material principle of life, although differently modified; and this appears to have been the opinion likewise of Harvey, Mayow, and Munk, and to have descended to the present times. Thus, Townsend affirms the vital force of an organ appears to be in the exact proportion of the quantity of oxygenated blood that circulates through it; Thornton, that there is a chemical process going forward in the body by means of oxygen; and Brandis, Reil, and Gallini, are of the same opinion, but say the vital power arises from a constant change of animal matter, a phlogistic process, which is maintained and renewed by an union of the oxygen with the carbon. According to Hufeland, life is a chemical animal flame, to the production of which, oxygen is absolutely necessary, and the vital power is the most general and powerful of all the powers of nature. He considers it as the cause of organization, and as possessing the following properties, 1. It has a greater affinity

to some organized bodies than to others; thus, the polypus may be cut in pieces without being divested of it, and a decapitated tortoise or a frog deprived of its heart will live a long time after; whilst to the human body or a quadruped, it would be instant death. According to this physiologist, it appears to be a general rule, that the stronger the affinity is between life and an organized being, the more imperfect is the animal: hence, the zoophytes, whose whole organization consists in a mouth, a stomach, and a gut, have a life exceedingly tenacious and difficult to be destroyed.

2. It is in greater quantity in some organized bodies than in others. Thus, an elephant lives a century, whilst the ephemeron only exists a day; and, in general, all cold-blooded animals live longer than those with warm blood.

3. It frees bodies from the chemical laws of inanimate matter, and transfers the component parts of a body from the physical, or chemical, to the organic, or living, world. 4. It prevents putrefaction, for no organized body can putrefy unless deprived of life.

"Humboldt is of opinion, that the degree of vitality depends upon the reciprocal balance of the chemical affinities of all the elementary parts of which an animal is composed.

"Davy considers life as a perpetual series of peculiar corpuscular changes, and the living body as the being in which these changes take place. They are, consequently, found to be continually varying; and, since all organic sensitive beings are unable to exist without light and oxygen, he looks upon these two, under the name of phosoxygen, as essential to existence.

"Dr. Ferriar, in his observations concerning the vital principle, thinks that some direct arguments may be brought against the general supposition of an independent living principle. These arguments he divides into two kinds; viz. refutations of the general proofs offered in support of the vital principle; and instances of the direct influence of the mind and brain over what is termed the independent living principle. The great proofs for the support of a vital principle are, the contraction of muscles separated from the body on the ap-

plication of stimulants; the performance of the vital and involuntary motions without any exertion, or even consciousness of the mind; and the birth of full-grown fœtuses destitute of a brain. In all these cases, something is alleged to operate, independently of the mind, in producing muscular motion.

"Dr. Ferriar, in answer to the first argument, drawn from the contraction of separated muscles, affirms, it may be said—1. That the power of contraction in a separated muscle is lost before putrefaction takes place; i. e. before the destruction of its texture; but if its vitality depended on its texture, this ought not to happen. 2. The power of contraction in a separated muscle is strongest upon its first separation, and becomes weaker by degrees; therefore, the contracting power appears to have been derived from some source from which it is detached by the excision of the part. 3. Irritation of the medulla oblongata, or of the nerves supplying particular muscles, occasions stronger contractions than irritation of the muscles themselves; and Dr. Whytt furnishes an experiment on a frog, directly proving that the action of separated muscles depends upon the nervous energy. 4. Dr. Haller himself is obliged to make a concession on this subject sufficient to destroy his favourite hypothesis of the *vis insita*. 5. When a paralytic limb is convulsed by the electric shock, the motion never takes place without the patient's consciousness. In this case, there is no distinction between the vital principle and that exertion which, in voluntary motion, is always attributed to the mind.

"In answer to the second argument in favour of a vital principle, drawn from the performance of the vital and other involuntary motions, Dr. Ferriar contents himself with only observing, that, allowing the organs of those motions to be supplied with nervous energy, their motions may be very well accounted for by the stimulus of their contained fluids.

"The force of the third argument, drawn from the want of a brain in full-grown fœtuses, is taken off by Dr. Whytt, who remarks, that, as the heart is sometimes wanting in full-grown fœtuses, the argument

would equally prove that the heart is not necessary for the continuance of circulation, as that the brain is not necessary to the support of the system. Accordingly, fetuses born without a brain do not, in general, survive birth.

" Besides the general supposition of an independent living principle, an inference has been drawn from facts, of a nervous energy independent of the brain. By this term is meant, that condition derived from the brain to different parts of the body, by means of which they become capable of motion. To show, by direct proof, that there is no independent vital principle, Dr. Ferriar observes—

1. That it is justly urged by Dr. Monro against the doctrine of the *vis insita*, that there is too much design in the actions of different muscles, affected by different stimuli, to be the effect of mere mechanism. Thus, when the hand or foot is burned, or otherwise suddenly injured, the muscles on the part immediately stimulated are not thrown into action, nor the muscles on the side irritated, but their antagonists contract immediately and strongly. Now, if the instantaneous action be in this case chiefly produced by an effort of the mind, the supposition of a distinct vital principle is superfluous; if it be said to be produced by a living power independent of the mind, then there must be a rational power in the body independent of the mind, which is absurd. 2. The state of the vital and involuntary motions is considerably affected by the state of the mind, which equally disproves the existence of a separate vital principle, and proves the dependence of the nervous energy upon the brain. 3. Madness, it is well known, is frequently produced by causes purely mental, and in persons apparently in good health; and as the patient's sensibility to every powerful stimuli is much diminished in maniacal cases, they afford another proof of the subordination of the nervous energy. 4. It has been observed, that in paralytic cases motion is frequently destroyed, while sense remains. As the cause of palsy almost always resides in the brain, this fact appears equally inexplicable on the opinion of a distinct living principle, or of a nervous energy independent of the brain. 5. When

nerves are regenerated after being cut through, sensation and voluntary motion are not always restored to the parts beneath the division: the restoration was never made in Dr. Monro's experiments. But, on the supposition of a distinct nervous power, the nerve, after its reunion, ought to resume all its offices. 6. Dr. Whytt asserts, that when the spinal marrow of a frog is destroyed, after decollation, no contraction can be excited in the limbs by cutting or tearing the muscles. Such are the facts and arguments which Dr. Ferriar brings against the opinion of a distinct living principle; and he thinks that their investigation appears to lead us back to the brain as the source of sensibility and irritability.

" The last opinion which has been given of the principle of life is that of Dr. Rush. He includes in animal life three properties, as applied to the human body; viz. motion, sensation, and thought, and these, when united, compose perfect life. It may exist without thought or sensation, but neither sensation nor thought can exist without motion. He affirms, that the lowest degree of life exists in the absence even of motion. He first considers animal life as it appears in the waking and sleeping states in a healthy adult; and afterwards inquires into the modification of its causes in the foetal infant, youthful and middle states of life, in certain diseases, in different states of society, and in different animals; and lays down the following propositions.

" 1. Every part of the human body, the nails and hair excepted, is endued with sensibility or excitability, or with both.

" 2. The whole body is so formed and connected, that impressions made in the healthy state upon one part excite motion or sensation, or both, in every other part of the body.

" Life is the effect of certain stimuli acting upon the sensibility and excitability, which are extended, in different degrees, to every external and internal part of the body; and these stimuli are as necessary to its existence as air is to flame.

" That animal life is a forced state, was first delivered by Dr. Cullen, although he afterwards retracted it. He affirmed, that the human body was

not an automaton, or self moving machine, but kept alive, and in motion, by the constant action of stimuli upon it. Dr. Brown enlarged upon this, and formed a beautiful theory of excitability and excitement; and Dr. Rush endeavours to establish this discovery of life being a forced state; and he continues to observe, that the action of the brain, the diastole and systole of the heart, the pulsation of the arteries, the contraction of the muscles, the peristaltic motion of the bowels, the absorbing power of the lymphatics, secretion, excretion, hearing, seeing, smelling, taste, and the sense of touch, even thought itself, are all the effects of stimuli acting upon the organs of sense and motion. These have been divided into external and internal.

"1. The external are, light, sound, odours, air, heat, exercise, and the pleasures of the senses.

"2. The internal stimuli are, food, drinks, chyle, blood, tension of the glands which contain secreted liquors, and the exercise of the faculties of the mind.

"Life, therefore (according to the hypothesis of Rush), even thought itself, is merely a quality residing in the component parts of a material system, dependent upon a peculiar organization, by which it is enabled to act, or in some way to move, on being stimulated or excited. Hence, life can never be inherent in a simple, uncompounded, substance, nor in a particle of animal matter; and if the stimulus be withheld from a living system beyond a given time, all motion, sensation, and thought, must necessarily be extinguished.

"He then inquires into the state of animal life in sleep, in the foetus, in infants, in youth and middle life, in old age, in persons who are blind, deaf, and dumb, in idiots, in those under the effects of long fasting, and in those supposed to be dead from drowning, freezing, and other causes. He afterwards takes a view of the state of animal life among the different inhabitants of the globe, as varied by civilization, diet, situation, and climate. He accounts for the influence of certain mental stimuli, which act nearly alike upon the individuals of all nations; of the causes of life in all the different classes of

animals; of the causes of life in vegetables; of the causes of death; and, lastly, he draws his conclusions from the doctrine of animal life being the effect of impressions upon the body." vol. iii. p. 14.

The article of dissolution also is summed up in the following words.

"There now remains to recapitulate the principal facts, and to conclude the subject, of putrefaction.

"Upon recalling to mind the principal phenomena attending spontaneous decomposition, it has been seen, that animal matters, which are composed of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, and azot, and which are often still more complicated by the union of sulphur, phosphorus, &c., on being deprived of life, and of that constant action and renewal of their component parts, that appear to constitute it, soon begin to change by the more simple attractions taking place between each of their principles, which tend to unite by pairs. This gives rise to binary compositions, such as carbonic acid, nitric acid, ammonia, and carbonated hydrogenous gas, which, on being disengaged, by degrees, into the atmosphere, diminish in proportion the mass of animal matters. Hence, it is in consequence of this natural decomposition that these matters are observed to become soft, to change their colour, their odour, lose their texture, form and distribute vapours and gases into the surrounding element, which serve other bodies, particularly vegetables, with the necessary materials for their formation; or, under certain circumstances, are converted into the most deadly poisons. All the phenomena attending the putrefaction of animal substances are derived from the above sources. From the union of the hydrogen with the azot, arises the formation of ammonia, which has been looked upon as the principal product of putrefaction. The combination of carbon with oxygen explains the formation and disengagement of carbonic acid, which, on its first discovery, was supposed to explain all the mysteries of putrefaction. The nitric acid, to the formation of which animal matters are known to contribute so much in the manufacture of nitre, arises from the union of the azot with the oxygen, whilst a certain quantity of hydrogen

gas being disengaged, and carrying with it carbon, sulphur, and even phosphorus, is said to create that variety of putrid odours and that phosphorescent light observed in all animal substances during the putrefactive process.

" These volatile principles being united in pairs, and expanded thro' the atmosphere, there only remains a little carbon united or mixed with some saline matter, as the phosphats of soda and lime. Sometimes it happens that even the acid of these salts is decomposed, and its radical seized by the hydrogen, so that nothing more is found than the alkali or the earth which served for a basis united to carbonic acid. These residua form a species of earth, called animal earth, that often retains a little sulphurous and carbonated hydrogenous gas, a little oily matter, and an extract in which the vegetable creation finds abundance of materials necessary to their increase, which is the reason why this animal residuum is found to be so beneficial as a manure.

" A certain quantity of water, it has been observed, is necessary for the putrid decomposition. According to Fourcroy and some of the French chemists, it furnishes the quantity of oxygen for the formation of the carbonic and nitric acids, and it contributes singularly to the putrefactive process by its affinities. They look upon the hydrogen likewise, arising from this decomposition of water, to contribute its part in forming ammonia, since it is a well known fact, that when animal matters are rendered more dilute by a large proportion of water, they afford, during their decomposition, ammonia in great abundance.

" Putrefaction consisting in a succession of particular attractions, and forming new combinations, it is evident, that all exterior circumstances, as temperature, a dry or moist atmosphere, the situation of the matters, the medium in which it is carried on, &c. will cause a variety in its effects: hence, bodies that are suspended in the air, inhumed in the earth, or plunged in water, will undergo various modifications in their decomposition, which will, likewise, be diversified by their quantity, their mass, their connexions with neighbouring

bodies, and other agents; the number and activity of which are at present unknown.

" Hence, bodies exposed to the air are soon decomposed, or, if inhumed in an isolated state, surrounded by a large quantity of earth, they are soon destroyed, and their aeriform or liquid products are absorbed either by the atmosphere or the soil around them; whilst, on the contrary, when heaped together in masses, in a deep earth that has been saturated to excess with the effluvia and volatile products of putrefaction, it can no longer influence their decomposition by its disposition to receive or favour the new combinations that take place: hence, they remain a long time undestroyed, the animal matter is wholly converted into ammonia and a concrete oil, forming a soap, as discovered by Fourcroy in the churchyard of the Innocents.

" The phenomena of decomposition of bodies plunged in water are still different; for, in proportion as new products are formed, the water dissolves them and distributes them into the atmosphere. A continued humidity, with a prevailing temperature of a few degrees above zero, favours the putrefaction, and the solution of these matters into a gaseous form; on the contrary, a dry and hot air, by evaporating the water, dries animal bodies, and converts them into mummies, in the same manner nearly as the sands of Egypt.

" Although the numberless varieties which the phenomena attending putrefaction present to the observer are at present undescribed, and even unknown, yet the grand purpose to which they all tend is evident: life, contrary to the chemical affinities which the component parts of bodies have towards each other, had forced them into organized combinations; but, being deprived of this principle, they resume again the affinities they were deprived of, and, by means of putrefaction, become united into less complex forms. This process, without which both animal and vegetable bodies would remain useless and inert, reduces them, therefore, to the materials of which they were composed, in order to form a new creation; and, whilst it attests the simplicity and grandeur of the operation, it expresses

the fecundity and power which are so well comprehended in the philosophical expression of Beccher, the 'circulus æterni motus;' by which he meant to pourtray the never-ceasing activity of nature," vol. iii. p. 303.

XX. *LETTERS to a Young Lady on a Course of English Poetry.* By J. AIKIN, M.D. 12mo. 300 pages. 4s. Johnson.

THIS pleasing and instructive work is divided into twenty letters. The author begins with Pope and Dryden, ending with Beattie, Cowper, and Moore: the last letter, containing the sketch of these poets, we transcribe.

" LETTER XX.

" I am tempted, my dear Mary, for the subject of a concluding letter, to desert the collection in which we have been so long immersed, and direct your notice to two very modern poets, whose reputation, now sealed by death, justly recommends them to every lover of the muses: these are Beattie and Cowper.

" The Minstrel of the former, his principal performance, is a fancy-piece, the theme of which is the supposed birth and education of a poet. The name of Minstrel is not very happily applied; since the character described widely differs from that musical songster of a rude age; nor can we find any 'Gothic days' which suit the circumstances of the tale. In fact, the author's plan is crude and incongruous; and the chief value of his performance consists in descriptions and sentiments addressed to the feelings of all who have a perception of natural and moral beauty, apart from any particular appropriation. There is, however, something very pleasing in the portrait of his Edwin, who was 'no vulgar boy,' but is represented as marked from the cradle with those dispositions and propensities which were to be the foundation of his future destiny. I believe it would be difficult in real biography to trace any such early indications of a genius exclusively fitted for poetry; nor do I imagine that an exquisite sensibility to

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the sublime and beautiful of nature is ever to be found in minds which have not been opened by a degree of culture. Yet there is a seeming probability in the contrary supposition, which may very well serve the purpose of fiction, and it leads to some beautiful description of natural scenery.

" The measure chosen by Beattie is the stanza of Spenser, which he manages with great address and seeming ease. Its Gothic origin and pomp of sound are the reasons he gives for adopting it. I have little doubt, however, that its employment by Thomson, in his *Castle of Indolence*, principally suggested it to him, for many of his strains closely resemble those of that work.

" Among his landscape paintings, one of the most novel is that of a misty day viewed from an eminence.

' And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand, sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, length'ning to th' horizon round;
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!"

" His description of 'the melodies of morn' is a delineation of sounds which may be compared with that already quoted from Goldsmith. The subsequent fairy vision, tho' painted with much beauty, is too splendid and artificial for the fancy of an untutored youth, who, without being conversant in books, could form no conceptions of that kind. It may also be remarked, that Edwin is too early made a philosophic reasoner; but Beattie was impatient for occasions to express his detestation of 'Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty;' so that he has anticipated in his first book what properly belongs to the second. Of the first, it is the business to feed young Edwin's fancy, and lay

O

in stores for poetical imagery; he is therefore rightly represented as delighting, not only in all the grand and striking scenes of nature, but in every species of fiction which awakens the curiosity and interests the feelings. He has also that love for solitude and disposition to melancholy which are usually supposed the attendants of genius. To these are added a taste for music—

'The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.'

"Of this connexion between music properly so called and the music of verse, I have already more than once expressed my doubts; yet it is an idea in which the mind readily acquiesces.

"At the opening of the second book, an education of the young poet commences, the reverse of the former; for fancy is now to be corrected and controuled by truth. 'Perish the lay that deadens young desire' is no more the maxim of the instructor, and the youth is to be taught that hopes are made to be disappointed, and that what seems good in the world is not really so. The manner in which this change is brought about, it must be confessed, does no credit to the author's invention. Edwin strays to a lonely valley (beautifully described), in which resides that convenient personage, a hermit. Him he over-hears telling himself his own story in a long soliloquy, in which the vanity of worldly pursuits and the vices that haunt the public scenes of life are displayed. Edwin is shocked at the recital, and an uneasiness takes possession of his breast which can only be dispelled by a conference with the sage. At a second visit, he ventures to introduce himself, and the hermit is so pleased with his ingenuous temper, that he adopts him as a pupil. The business is now in a right train; for although the scene is laid in Gothic times, it is easy to invest the solitary with all the wisdom and all the knowledge that books and contemplation can supply. The course of instruction thro' which the pupil is led does honour to the writer, and proves that his mind was well stored and cul-

tivated. First, 'the muse of history unrolls her page;' and many excellent observations are deduced from her lessons. Philosophy next succeeds, accompanied by science—

'And reason now through number,
time, and space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious
eye,
And learns, from facts compared, the
laws to trace
Whose long progression leads to De-
ity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar
so high!
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd
with tears,
Such glory bear! for lo, the shadows
fly
From nature's face; confusion disap-
pears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmo-
ny the ears.'

"These fine lines are succeeded by strains equally elevated, in which the progress of the youthful mind to knowledge, virtue, and refinement is beautifully developed. But when the accumulated stores are to be applied to the purpose of forming the finished poet, the work abruptly concludes with the pathetic lamentation of a lost friend; and we are led to suppose that the sudden stroke overwhelmed the poet's powers and extinguished his flame. Probably, however, he had proceeded as far as he saw the way clear before him, and felt that pursuing the theme further would involve him in difficulties which he was afraid of encountering.

"From the freedom with which I have commented upon the plan of this poem, you will perhaps wonder that I have selected it as an object of particular recommendation; but there is so much genuine poetry and so much excellent moral in the detail, that I am convinced you will find your attention well employed in the perusal.

"The great popularity which the name of Cowper has obtained is a sufficient testimony to the merit of his productions, which were so far from appearing with any peculiar advantages, that his first publication had nearly sunk under the dislike attached to a narrow and gloomy system of religion. The lamented author passed his life in an obscure retreat from the

world, doubly darkened by the shades of a morbid melancholy; and nothing could have forced him upon the public view but a blaze of genius not to be repressed by unfortunate circumstances. His works are now become an inseparable part of the mass of approved English poetry, and they could not fail to engage your notice without any care of mine to point them out. I cannot, hesitate, therefore, to include among the subjects of my observations an author who, sooner or later, must come into your hands, and has so good a claim to the reputation he has acquired.

"The pieces principally composing the first volume of Cowper's poems are arranged under the heads of Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, Conversation, and Retirement. These topics are treated in a familiar and desultory manner, with a continual reference to those religious principles which are commonly termed methodistical; and a vein of severe rebuke runs through them which the author himself afterwards admitted to be too acrimonious. Yet, in the midst of his doctrinal austerity, a truly benevolent heart is perpetually displaying itself, joined with a noble spirit of freedom and independence. Keen and sagacious reflexions upon life and manners, and frequent sallies of genuine humour, are interspersed, which must be relished by readers who are no friends to his system of divinity; yet even the latter, in many instances, stands apart from peculiar doctrines, and presents only sentiments of pure and exalted piety.

"The verse is heroic couplet, generally of a loose and careless structure, and the diction is for the most part simple and prosaic. There are, however, strains of poetry wrought with care, and glowing with the fervour of genius. An air of originality pervades the whole; and, though well acquainted with classical literature, no writer is less of a borrower. All the pieces under the enumerated heads will amply repay the perusal; but you will, perhaps, find most to please you in those of Charity, Conversation, and Retirement. In the first of these, are some admirably energetic lines against the slave trade, which was an object of his rooted abhorrence. The Altar of Liberty is

a fine fancy-piece; and the idea of venerating the Power by what may be called the anti-sacrifice of letting fly 'A captive bird into the boundless sky,' is a most happy conception.

"'Conversation' abounds with excellent sense and humour. You will be diverted with the picture of the formal visiting party, where

'The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;'

and from which,

'The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years' transportation,
home.

"Of the serious parts, you will, doubtless, distinguish the Disciples at Emmaus, as a story told with the grace of true simplicity.

"The exquisite representations of the Melancholy Man, in 'Retirement,' were too faithful copies of what the writer saw and felt in himself. How poetical and how touching are the following lines!

'Then, neither heathy wilds, nor scenes
as fair
As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills;
Parks in which Art, preceptress, Nature
weds,
Nor gardens interspersed with flow'ry
beds,
Nor gales that catch the scent of bloom-
ing groves,
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by:
No wounds like those a wounded spirit
feels,
No cure for such, till God, who makes
them, heals.'

"These pieces, as I have before hinted, were little known or noticed, till the appearance of the second volume of Cowper's poems, chiefly occupied by the Task. This production seemed instantly to captivate the public favour, and the fame of the new poet rapidly spread throughout the kingdom. Perhaps no poetical work unconnected with temporary topics ever acquired more readers in an equal period. It is a composition in every respect unique. From a task of writ-

ing verses upon a sofa, sportively set by a lady, it has swelled to a poem of five books, each distinguished by a separate title, but unrestricted to subject or method. The matter consists of description, chiefly rural, intermixed with moral and religious sentiment, and portraitures of life and manners, altogether forming a varied tissue, of no certain pattern or design, but extremely rich in original thoughts and poetical beauties. The writer's theological tenets and satirical vein are sufficiently manifest throughout the work, but they appear more softened than in the former volume.

"The delineations of natural objects in the *Task* are all copied with great accuracy from nature, and finished with minute delicacy. They would resemble the Dutch style of painting, did not the writer's elegance of taste generally lead him to select only such objects as are capable of pleasing or picturesque effect. The circumstances and appendages are often, indeed, little in themselves, but they wonderfully contribute to the truth and liveliness of the draughts. The picture of the woodman and his dog, which has been happily transferred to the canvas, may be taken for an example of his manner.

"The *Task* is judiciously composed in blank verse, the freedom of which coincides with the unlimited range of the matter and the familiarity of the diction. The modulation is generally careless and unstudied; but where he thought it worth his while, he has shown himself a master of the melody of which this species of versification is susceptible. The language may sometimes appear below the poetical standard; but he was such a foe to affectation in any shape, that he seems to have avoided nothing so much as the stiff pomposity so common to blank verse writers. That he was capable of any degree of elegance and true elevation, he has proved by numerous instances where the subject demanded those qualities. The particular passages in the several books which deserve to be dwelt upon are so numerous, that I shall not attempt to point them out, but leave to you the pleasing task of marking such as suit your own taste; and I doubt not that, in the course of frequent perusals, you will suffer none of the beau-

ties to escape you. There are not many examples of the exercise of those higher powers of the fancy which invent and create; yet his personification of Winter, in the 4th book, may be cited as one of the most poetical and well-wrought fictions of the kind. The idea of seating him upon a sledge-chariot, driven over the ice by storms, is beautifully grand. The allegory of Discipline is admirable, but can scarcely be called a formation of the fancy, since his figure and ministration are entirely human.

"The miscellaneous pieces which contribute to fill the two volumes are all possessed of some appropriate merit, and display the versatile talents of the author. Who has not laughed over John Gilpin, or sympathised with Selkirk? The most important of these detached pieces is, *Tirocinium*, or a Review of Schools, which a parent cannot read without many serious reflections. These will not at present much interest you, but you will be touched with the pathetic address to the father just on the point of sending his son to a public school—

'Now look on him, whose very voice
in tone
Just echoes thine, whose features are
thine own;
And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest
red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen
head,
And say—My boy, th' unwelcome hour
is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy gen-
al home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care.'

"It is in such domestic pictures of the tender kind that Cowper is inimitable!

"If you wish to feel the full force of the simple pathetic, raised by no other art than the selection of little circumstances, which could only have suggested themselves to an exquisitely sensible heart, you must turn to the piece which has lately appeared in his *Life* by Hayley, addressed to the beloved companion of so many years, his Mary, now reduced to second infancy. All the studied elegies and monodies that were ever written are poor in effect to this effusion.

"I will not close my letter with-

out recommending to your notice a still later poetical publication, altho' I may incur some suspicion of partiality in so doing, on account of the relation in which I stand towards it, as editor; it was, however, solely from an impression of its excellence that I was induced to undertake this office, the worthy author being totally unknown to me. This is the 'Poems, Lyrical and Miscellaneous, of the late Rev. Henry Moore.' They will not, perhaps, rank among the more original compositions in the language; but I am mistaken if they will not maintain a permanent place among the most splendid, the most melodious, the most elevated in sentiment and diction. The versification of the Odes is, perhaps, too void of regularity, but it abounds in strains exquisitely musical, and often happily adapted to the subject. The imagery is singularly grand, elegant, and rich, and both the sublime and the pathetic are touched with a master hand. Above all, these pieces are characterised by that expansive glow of benevolence, that ardour of pure and rational devotion, which, when allied to genuine poetry, exert the noblest influence on the soul.

"I have now, my dear young friend, completed my original design of pointing out to you such a course of reading in the English Poets as might at the same time contribute to form your literary taste and provide you with a fund of rational and exalted entertainment. Of the value of such a lasting and easily procurable source of pleasure, I can speak from my own experience; nor do I think it less adapted to solace the domestic leisure of a female, than to relieve the cares and labours of masculine occupation. I am also convinced, that such an union of moral and religious sentiment with the harmony of numbers and the splendour of language, as our best poets afford, is of important use in elevating the mind, and fortifying it against those trials to which the human condition is perpetually exposed. Nor are the lighter strains without their value in promoting a harmless gaiety chastised by elegance and refinement.

"That to your other accomplishments you may join every advantage of head and heart which mental culti-

vation is capable of imparting, is the sincere wish of

"Your truly affectionate

p. 297.

"J. A."

This work will, no doubt, find a place in every juvenile library.

XXI. THE JUDGE; or, an Estimate of the Importance of the judicial Character, occasioned by the Death of the late Lord Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland; a Poem, in three cantos. By the Rev. JEROME ALLEY, Chaplain to the Right Honourable Lord Sheffield, &c. fcap. 8vo. 140 pages. 4s. 6d. Verner and Hood.

THIS elegant poem, dedicated to lord Sheffield, consists of three books: the first relating to judges in general; the second to lord Clare and the situation of Ireland; and the third to the advantages resulting from lord Clare's conduct during the rebellion in Ireland. The duties of the pastor, the judge, and the patriot, are thus well portrayed; the lines will exhibit a fair specimen of the work.

"Hear yet the muse. Does fav'ring
heav'n foredoom
The awful mure for your brow mature?
Oh! wear it meekly. Cherish holy
thoughts;
Be not the sycophant of courts; disdain
To pamper palate at imperial boards.
Seek with less toil to treasure gems and
gold,
Than the pure blessings won by bounte-
ous deeds;
And, for no idols of a frivolous world,
Unhallow'd pageantries, and tainted
joys,
God's holy altars shun. But, if thine
heart
Throb with one christian virtue, go, and
snatch
Poor widow'd sorrow from th' untimely
grave,
And shelter orphan'd woe. With Cran-
mer's zeal,
Fling erring frailty from thee. Poor
abroad,
Like Porteus, the pure wisdom, from
his lips
Recorded, who, for man, in sorrow
liv'd,

In agony expir'd. Nor to the great
Preach only, anxious, by the well-turn'd
phrase,

To catch the courtly ear. Ah! better
far

Shall ye approach where pale contrition
drops

The expiating tear: far better haste
To scatter there the blessed beams of
truth,

Or there the dole of charity dispense,
Where untaught want abides. Nor
deem, howe'er

Such labours may not find one golden
meed,

Nor spread one smile on mortal glory's
cheek,

No recompence is their's. Celestial
praise

Is wak'd, full oft, by that the vain world
scorns;

Celestial favour falls where earthly
hands

Not tender, oft, a mite; and he who
lives,

As pastoral Alley once, the poor man's
friend

And cottage teacher, wins a nobler
name

And prize, beyond compare, than e'er
were won

By statesmen's cunning or by conquer-
ors' swords!

"Or, is pure justice o'er your form to
fling

The snowy honours of her ermin'd
robe?—

Be staid, and vigilant, as if your lips
Were, in each word, to fix the doom of
worlds.

Oppose to Mammon, should the tempter
lure,

A heart of adamant. When your awful
tongue

Expounds the law, bethink that, o'er
your head,

Recording angels wave the viewless
wing.

Fear but to err. Pronounce the just de-
cree,

Though armed hosts may menace. The
meek prayer

Of injur'd, friendless, solitary, want
Hear, as 'twere that of potent majesty.

Or, should the giant power, surcharg'd
with gold,

Or dark with frowns, the despot's elo-
quence,

Your sacred seats invade, oh! but with
scorn,

Keen flashing from the undissembling
eye,

Repay the insult; and, in bolder tone,
Let your firm voice proclaim—'Here

law shall rule,

And mighty kings shall be but subjects
here!

"Ah! what were holiest laws, if
power or wealth

Might scare the judge, or purchase?
What the boast

Of freedom, if her legal guardian sell
For sordid lucre, or to servile fear
Devote, the rights his wisdom should
sustain?—

Then, then, the heart of independence
dies;

The free-born worth no longer tempts
to deeds

Of noble name; and man, that lately
soar'd,

An eagle to the sun, and won renown
By many a toil of hardihood sublime,

Tomb'd in the soul-less slave, is man no
more!

"O congregated guilt! which ne'er
shall stain

Your tutor'd spirit! O diffusive ill!
Which ne'er shall issue from your lips of
truth!

But, so I deem, fair honour at your heart
And justice, ye the majesty of law

Shall reverence and sustain; and, hast-
ing forth,

Fearless, at your command, shall free-
dom bear

To each, and all, her varied blessings
sweet;

And holy property, the smile of peace
Playing upon her cheek, shall dwell,

secure,
With simple swains, beside the cottage
hearth,

As in the guarded halls of state, with
kings.

"Or, should thy lot where senates
think and toil

For public welfare lead thee, thither
bring—

O thither!—sole, the patriot's tongue
and heart;

And, though around thee pop'lar tri-
bunes scheme

To rule the realm or ruin, or to make
A market of the throne they dare revile,

Or, tho' the lure of ministerial power,
Attempt thy pride, and ministerial skill

Confer, in promise, Alps of fancy'd gold;
Yet, yet, if virtue aught may crave, or
heav'n.

Beware, alike, of factious leagues, im-
pure,

And courtly glozes vile. The general
weal,

The statesman's glory, and the patriot's
God,

Here thy sole worship claims; and bet-
ter thou,

Beyond all utterance better, for that weal
 Contending, shalt one struggling peasant snatch
 From fell oppression's fangs, than buy
 the smile,
 By low servility, of regal cheeks,
 Or wake, by sweet but factious eloquence,
 The plaudits of a world. Ah! not in thee
 The blustering talker, nor the purchas'd
 slave,
 Thy fostering country seeks. Rather she
 looks
 For him who best shall clothe her rocks
 with green;
 Who rescue, from the wild and cheerless fiend,
 The rushy marsh, to seat glad plenty
 there;
 Who wed the hind to hope, and, o'er the
 glebe,
 Else fruitless, give him, with a merry
 heart,
 To guide his patient team. But, if be
 thine
 The voice that, by celestial freedom
 tun'd,
 Best vindicates her rights, oh! let that
 voice,
 In all its magic potency, be heard,
 Till senates, by one patriot soul inspir'd,
 Adore their country, as the saint his
 God!
 Or, should the inebriate insolence of
 Gaul,
 Foaming for blood and pillage, madly
 breathe
 One menage to the echoes, be it heard
 Then, also, and in tones more loud and
 dread,
 That Britain, kindling at the sound,
 again
 May grasp her angry thunders, and, as
 once,
 When, writhing in the dust, sad Cressy
 bled,
 Hurl rout and ruin on the foe, and lead
 Her laurel'd bands to victory and to
 fame!" p. 98.

Many notes are subjoined by way
 of illustration.

XXII. A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY of the celebrated WOMEN of every age and country. By MATILDA BETHAM. sm. 8vo. 780 pages. 7s. Crosby.

THIS crowded volume, containing
 an immense number of lives, has
 been compiled from a variety of pub-

lications with care and industry. We
 shall extract two short articles, being
 the biographies of lady Huntingdon
 and the queen of France.

"*Huntingdon, Selina, Countess Dowager of*, second daughter of Washington, second Earl Ferrers; born 1707; married, 1728, Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, by whom she had issue four sons and three daughters; and died 1797, aged 85, having been a widow forty-five years.

"This lady is said to have received her first impressions on the importance of a religious life when only nine years old, at the funeral of a child about her own age. With many tears, she prayed earnestly upon the spot, that whenever it should please God to take her hence, he would support and deliver her. She practised during her youth frequent private prayer; and, when grown up and introduced into the world, made it her petition that she might marry into a religious family. She accordingly became the wife of the earl of Huntingdon, a respectable man, whose habits and connections were serious and well disposed. Though sometimes at court, and visiting in the higher circles, she maintained a peculiar steadiness of conduct, taking no pleasure in fashionable amusements. In the country, she was bountiful and benevolent, and earnestly pursued that path she thought most acceptable to her Maker.

"About this time, the sect called methodists began to be much spoken of. Lady Margaret Hastings, the sister of lord Huntingdon, was one of the number, and lady Huntingdon, on her recovery from a dangerous illness, embraced their opinions, and her professions and conduct appeared very strange to the circle in which she moved. Some even advised lord Huntingdon to interpose his authority; but, though he differed from her in sentiment, he continued to shew her the same affection and respect. He desired, however, she would oblige him by conversing with bishop Benson on the subject, to which she readily agreed; but the conference was not productive of any change.

"During lord Huntingdon's life, her means were necessarily circumscribed, and family affairs occupied

her attention ; but she devoted a considerable portion of time to the poor. These she relieved in their necessities, visited in sickness, conversed and prayed with. On his death, the entire management of her children and their fortunes was left to her ; which last she improved with the greatest fidelity.

" Countenancing more especially the followers of Mr. Whitfield, as she was herself inclined to the calvinistic persuasion, she opened her house in Park-street for the preaching of the gospel, supposing, as a peeress of the realm, she had a right to employ, as her family chaplains, those ministers of the church whom she patronized. On the week days, her kitchen was open to the poor who wished for instruction ; and on Sundays, the great and fashionable were invited to spend the evening in her drawing-room, where Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Romaine, &c. occasionally preached.

" The illness of her younger son leading her to Brighthelmstone, she erected a little chapel contiguous to her house : it was afterwards enlarged, and that not sufficing to contain the congregation, it was a third time taken down and rebuilt. In Bath, Oathall, Bretby, and various other parts, places of worship were also erected by her. At first, she selected her ministers from those of the established church ; but her zeal enlarging with her success, and a great variety of persons throughout the kingdom begging her assistance, in London, and many of the most populous cities, she purchased, built, or hired, large and commodious chapels. These multiplied exceedingly through England, Ireland, and Wales ; and the ministers she had hitherto employed found themselves unequal to the task, and some became unwilling to move in a sphere which began to be branded as irregular, and to meet with opposition. She therefore followed the steps of Messrs. Wesley and Whitfield, by inviting the aid of laymen to keep up the congregations she had established.

" In order to provide proper persons for this purpose, she retired into Wales, where she erected a college for training up young men to the ministry. They were itinerant, moved

from one congregation to another in an established rotation, and her correspondence with them, to regulate and provide a constant supply, was a labour to which her active spirit alone was equal.

" Though lady Huntingdon devoted the whole of her substance to these purposes, it is not a little surprising how her income sufficed for the immensity of expences in which she was necessarily involved. Her jointure was no more than twelve hundred pounds a-year, and only after the death of her son, a few years preceding her own, she received the addition of another thousand. She often involved herself in expences in building, but her debts were always honourably discharged.

" To the age of fourscore and upwards, she maintained all the vigour of youth ; and, though in her latter years the contraction of her throat reduced her almost wholly to a liquid diet, her spirits never seemed to fail her, and, to the very last days of her life, her mind was active in her favourite pursuit.

" Lady Huntingdon was rather above the middle size, her mien dignified, her address particularly pleasing, and her mind acute, diligent, and indefatigable. She was so little given to self-indulgence, that a friend used to say, she was one of the poor who lived upon her own bounty. Her temper was warm and sanguine ; no disappointment quenched her zeal, no labours slackened, no opposition discouraged, or progress of years abated—but her prejudices and partialities were sometimes fantastic. From the success attending her efforts, she seemed impressed with an idea that a particular benediction would rest upon whomsoever she sent forth, and was impatient of contradiction. That simplicity and truth which will always secure esteem from the wise, appears to have gained lady Huntingdon the respect of many who disagreed with her in principle. Her son, who was, unfortunately of the infidel school, still highly revered his venerable mother.

" At her death, lady Huntingdon left her chapels to trustees and executors, for the continuance of the same plan, which is still pursued, though the property she left for that purpose

was seized, on her death, by the Americans of Georgia and Carolina, where it lay.

"Her unbounded benevolence bore the best testimony of the purity of her intentions, having, in the course of her life, expended above one hundred thousand pounds in public and private acts of charity." p. 380.

"Dr. Haweis's Hist. of the Church of Christ, &c."

(To be concluded in our next.)

XXIII. THE DOMESTIC MEDICAL GUIDE; or, complete companion to the Family Medicine Chest: comprising, in addition to the former edition, the Management of Children, Treatment of Poisons, Recovery of Drowned Persons, Method of Destroying Contagion by Fumigation, with a more copious Account of Diseases, and the most rational Mode of Treatment, &c. By RICHARD REECE, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 8vo. 300 pages. 6s. Longman and Rees.

THE reader will learn from the length of this title-page the nature and design of this medical work, which, perused with care and attention, may be of service to the valetudinarian classes of society.

XXIV. A SERMON, preached on the late Fast-Day, Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1803, at the Parish Church of Hatton, Warwickshire, By SAMUEL PARR, LL.D. 4to. 30 pages. 2s. Moxham.

THIS able sermon, so suitable to these times, has for its text—
"We fight for our lives and our laws"—taken from the Maccabees, in the Apocrypha. Take the following eloquent conclusion.

"Consider, I beseech you, some striking circumstances which mark the situation into which you are thrown by the mighty and unprecedented armaments of your enemies. The wealth, the strength, and, above all, the generous and high spirit of this country, form, I do not say the sole, but, I do confidently affirm, the very strongest, obstacle to the

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ambition of your foes. Against us, therefore, must be directed their utmost force. The bravest of their legions and the most expert of their generals must be employed in removing that obstacle, and, by the removal of it, in paving the way for the ruin and the subjugation of all Europe. Well is our adversary aware, that the skill and courage of his army are to be called forth, not against a band of cowardly slaves or reluctant hirelings, but against hosts of men, valiant from the very constitution of their minds, robust and vigorous from the frame of their bodies, and proud of sacred and ancient rights, which have often been endangered by the attacks of tyrants, but as often preserved by the magnanimity of patriots—of men, who can recount with exultation the victories of their forefathers, and their own, over the best disciplined armies of France; and who, therefore, would blush to sully, by treachery or by timidity, the well-earned reputation of their country—of men, who, by their activity or their ingenuity, have acquired that personal opulence and those personal enjoyments which are utterly unknown to any other nation—of men, who, in every article of their commerce, in every produce of their soil, in every fleece of wool, and in every blade of grass, behold the fruits of their own industry, the materials of their own happiness, and signals too for their own prowess in the day of battle.

"To the collective might, then, of our adversaries, let us oppose our own, without hesitation and without dismay. We have much to defend, we have the means of defending it, and, if our resolution be equal to our means, the splendour of our success will not be disproportionate to the justice of our cause.

"On the other hand, it well behoves us to consider what we must suffer, should we, by any disgraceful and disastrous infatuation, be unfaithful to ourselves. If, indeed, the arms of our enemy were directed against some countries on the continent, he might cherish the hope of retaining them, and, therefore, in the midst of violence, he might sometimes remember mercy, and even, for his own sake, he might try to conciliate a defeated and humbled foe.

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But, with all the giddiness of his pride, and all the fierceness of his rage, he has not yet arrived at that extravagant pitch of phrensy which can inspire him with the faintest hope of keeping England, for any long time, as a conquered country. He may expect sometimes to put to flight our armies, and, sometimes, to gain possession of our towns; but of complete and permanent conquest, he cannot think, even in his dreams. What, then, must be the real object of these tremendous preparations for war? My brethren! the answer lies in one word—Desolation. This, undoubtedly is, and this alone can be, the aim of our invaders.

“To the immortal honour of this country be it spoken, no affront has, upon the present occasion, been offered to the good sense of it by those gaudy eulogies upon liberty and those vehement invectives against despotism which had been employed to beguile and to enslave other nations, less fortunate than our own. No attempt has been made to call into action the causes to which other invaders often have recourse for the accomplishment of their purposes; impatience, I mean of subordination, fondness for change, discontent under grievances, real or imaginary, and the preference of experiments for attaining that perfection which has been ostentatiously described in theory, to the enjoyment of that partial but progressive good which is practically and visibly placed within our reach. No lure, from the participation of power, has been spread before the seditious; no incitement has been holden out to the profligate, from a share in the spoil; no promise of exclusive favour has been hinted even to the submissive; persuasion seems to have been cast aside for once, as an incumbrance to action, and hypocrisy itself stands mute before the footstool of usurpation.

“Thus, the sagacity which puts you on your guard against artifice, the magnanimity which fortifies you against danger, the fidelity with which you adhere to the cause of your country, and the determination which you have made, not to exchange English freedom for any wily, or, I should rather say, impudent, offers of French equality, have been recognized by your very enemies, in the face of the whole christian world.

They may, in some instances, have wronged, but they do not insult, you; they may hate, but they do not despise, you: they may have alarmed, but they do not even try to deceive, you. Their proceedings, in every stage of the contest, have been consistent and intelligible. Invasion was threatened, from the first moment; and the threat remains, as it began, without disguise and without mitigation. Your forces, in the opinion of the enemy, may be encountered; but your good-will, he is aware, cannot be conciliated. Men of sense and moderation have not forgotten the hardships rigorously imposed upon other countries; and men of spirit can ill brook the challenge arrogantly given to our own. Loyalists stand aghast at the ravages of a military chieftain; and republicans are incensed at the pageantries of a perpetual dictator. Hence, no confederate bands of traitors lie in ambuscade, to hail the invader with their shouts, and to second his unparalleled attempts for our destruction. The dark forest, the deep morass, the craggy rock, the steep and untrodden mountain, here afford no shelter to his flying legions. The elements will be deaf to his call, and the raging sea will lift up its opposing waves when baffled efforts compel him to look for safety in retreat. If he lands, he must advance; if he advances, he must fight; if he fights, he may perish; and even if he prevails to day, he must negotiate to-morrow. Conscious of these difficulties, he will let loose havoc upon the land; and shall we then be tame spectators of the scene?—Shall we sit before him with folded arms, or crouch beneath him with bended knees, while all the fair works of art and nature are defaced by the destroyer? Shall we wait in stupid indifference, or with base timidity, till the evil reaches our own doors? till the cries of the orphan and the widow assail our ears? till the humble cottage shares the same fate with the stately palace, and dissolves in flames before our affrighted eyes? Doubtless, confusion and distress will be felt through many parts of the kingdom. Our fields, in some places, will be laid waste; our arsenals may be assailed; our metropolis itself may be exposed to pillage; and who among us can be so gottish, or so

headstrong, as to say, that national evils of such magnitude, when known to him only by report, will not alarm and afflict his soul?

"But that which you hear of others, must also be seen and suffered by yourselves, unless ye are true to your duty. Your own harvests will be plundered, your own houses will be destroyed, your wives and your children will be inhumanly torn from the tender embraces of husbands and fathers, and brutally violated in the sight of you, their legal and natural protectors; your sons, to whom ye look forward for comfort and succour to your grey hairs, will perish in the bloom of their youth; masters, servants, friends, and neighbours, may alike fall a prey to the devouring sword;—and does not the very mention, I would ask you, of such evils awaken within you an instantaneous, ardent, invincible, determination to avert them 'with all your heart, and all your mind, and all your soul, and all your strength'?"

"Were your governors, indeed, employed in romantic and adventurous schemes of conquest, you might pause a little before you added approbation to obedience, and spontaneously tendered your aid to annoy those who had not offended you, to plunder those who had not injured you, and to crush those who cannot resist you. But when your country is invaded, there is no room for hesitation in your judgment, as there can be no plea for slowness in your actions. Every ear must be open to the general and awful summons, every heart must be inaccessible to fear, and every hand must be uplifted for resistance. You are called upon to defend your liberties, your laws, and your religion. You are sharing a common danger, and promoting a common interest, with your governors, with your equals, and with your inferiors. You go forth to the combat, not as savage destroyers, not as ambitious conquerors, not as insatiable plunderers, but as self-preservers, as Englishmen, and as christians. You are encouraged, in the support of a just cause, by the example of the brave, the arguments of the wise, and the exhortations of the good. You are preparing to bequeath to posterity those blessings which the foresight, or the heroism, or the vir-

tues, of your great progenitors procured for them and for yourselves. You are contending; not for unsubstantial renown, but for solid security; not alone for national honour, which, indeed, may be often precarious, or merely ideal, but for national independence, which always is intelligible, and always must be inestimable. You are avenging the blood of the innocent, the honest, and the valiant. You are protecting your neighbours from oppression, your families from poverty, your sovereign from injury and insult, and your country from disgrace and perdition." p. 30.

XXV. *THE Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis. A Sermon, preached at Bridge-Street, Bristol, October 19, 1803; being the day appointed for a General Fast. By ROBERT HALL. 8vo. 90 pages. 2s. Button and Son.*

FROM this truly excellent sermon, we might extract many passages; we shall, however, only transcribe the concluding pages.

"From the most fixed principles of human nature, as well as from the examples of all history, we may be certain, the conquest of this country, should it be permitted to take place, will not terminate in any ordinary catastrophe, in any much less calamitous than utter extermination. Our present elevation will be the exact measure of our future depression, as it will measure the fears and jealousies of those who subdue us. While the smallest vestige remains of our former greatness, while any trace or memorial exists of our having been once a flourishing and independent empire, while the nation breathes, they will be afraid of its recovering its strength, and never think themselves secure of their conquest till our navy is consumed, our wealth dissipated, our commerce extinguished, every liberal institution abolished, our nobles extirpated; whatever in rank, character, and talents, gives distinction in society, called out and destroyed, and the refuse which remains swept together into a putrifying heap by the

besom of destruction. The enemy will not need to proclaim his triumph; it will be felt in the more expressive silence of extended desolation.

"Recollect for a moment his invasion of Egypt, a country which had never given him the slightest provocation; a country so remote from the scene of his crimes, that it probably did not know there was such a man in existence (happy ignorance, could it have lasted!); but while he was looking around him, like a vulture perched on an eminence, for objects on which he might gratify his insatiable thirst of rapine, he no sooner beheld the defenceless condition of that unhappy country, than he alighted upon it in a moment. In vain did it struggle, flap its wings, and rend the air with its shrieks; the cruel enemy, deaf to its cries, had infixed his talons, and was busy in sucking its blood, when the interference of a superior power forced him to relinquish his prey, and betake himself to flight. Will that vulture, think you, ever forget his disappointment on that occasion, or the numerous wounds, blows, and concussions, he received in a ten years' struggle?—It is impossible. It were folly to expect it. He meditates, no doubt, the deepest revenge. He who saw nothing in the simple manners and blood-bought liberties of the Swiss to engage his forbearance—nothing in proclaiming himself a Mahometan to revolt his conscience—nothing in the condition of defenceless prisoners to excite his pity—nor in that of the companions of his warfare, sick and wounded in a foreign land, to prevent him from dispatching them by poison—will treat in a manner worthy of the impiety and inhumanity of his character a nation which he naturally dislikes as being free, dreads as the rivals of his power, and abhors as the authors of his disgrace.

"Though these are undoubted truths, and ought to be seriously considered, yet I would rather choose to appeal to sentiments more elevated than such topics can inspire. To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a

series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically, placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled; in the Thermopylae of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine, under God, in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct, at this moment, depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders—it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive or be covered with a funeral pall and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in

warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid. She will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon will grasp the sword of the spirit; and, from myriads of humble and contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms.

"While you have every thing to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success; so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; virtue will atone for the outrages of fortune by conducting you to immortality: your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead; while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period, and they will incessantly revolve them, will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. En-

joy that repose, illustrious mortals! your mantle fell, when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to 'swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever,' they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, 'gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty;' go forth with our hosts in the day of battle. Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence: pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes: inspire them with thine own; and, while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld, by the same illumination, chariots of fire and horses of fire! 'Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.'" p. 73.

XXVI. THE BEAUTIES OF HEN-

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